

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

APRIL 15



Courtesy of Girl Scouts Inc.

The Winning Smile

In this Issue •• Stories By Charles G. D. Roberts,
Gladys Blake, Marion Harland, and C. A. Stephens

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Things We Talk About

GIRL SCOUTS—THERE ARE 112,000 THROUGHOUT AMERICA—DO ALL KINDS OF INTERESTING THINGS, and cooking is one of the very best of them. Recently they cooked lunch for President Coolidge. Our front cover this week shows Virginia Wray of Troop 24, who won the recent contest among Girl Scouts for the best cake baked in Brooklyn.

The national convention of Girl Scouts is being held this year in St. Louis from April 20 to April 24.

AMONG OUR FAMOUS AUTHORS THIS WEEK IS MARION HARLAND, who in private life was the wife of the Rev. Edward Payson Terhune. No writer was more beloved; and in her many, many years of usefulness she wrote more than forty novels, as well as Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book, which every good housekeeper knows. Marion Harland died not long ago. Her distinguished son, Albert Payson Terhune, writes wonderful stories about the colliers he breeds at Sunnyside Farm. "Send me a copy of The Youth's Companion containing my mother's last article," he writes. "I should like to read it and keep it. My mother wrote better, even in her nineties, than any of her children can write."

Such a tribute, even to a mother's greatness, is the mark of a generous and great-hearted man.

THE KEEN INTEREST OF GIRLS as well as boys in first-rate athletic stories is delightfully shown in a bundle of letters mailed to our friend Jonathan Brooks by pupils of the seventh grade in the Jefferson School, Muncie, Indiana.

"After reading 'Yellow and Other Colors,'" writes Betty Ream, "I am very glad to write to a fine author like you. Our class has subscribed for The Youth's Companion, and I am writing to ask you a question. The children of the Jefferson School would like to hear you speak to them. Won't you please come?"

Mary Elizabeth McClellan writes, "Your interesting stories about football are the only football stories that I ever liked. I hope I can have the big privilege of seeing and hearing the famous author of such stories."

Jane Bull writes, "I have never seen a real author, so I think it would be real thrilling to see you. If it is possible, please come."

FROM MRS. J. B. ALTIG, of Berthoud, Colo., comes this remarkable letter: "Please accept my heartiest congratulations upon the Hundredth Anniversary of your splendid paper. My grandfather, Lyndner Mason Ward, was twelve years of age when, during The Youth's Companion's first year, the founder, Mr. Nathaniel Willis, came to his town introducing the paper. My grandfather very much desired a year's subscription, but had no money to pay for it. His aunt gave him three pairs of her best hand-knit wool socks, saying that he might see if Mr. Willis would accept them as payment. Imagine the eagerness with which the boy set off on his three-mile walk through the snow, and the delight with which he returned to report success. From that time on, he was never without The Companion. Can any of your subscribers write you a better recommendation than this?"

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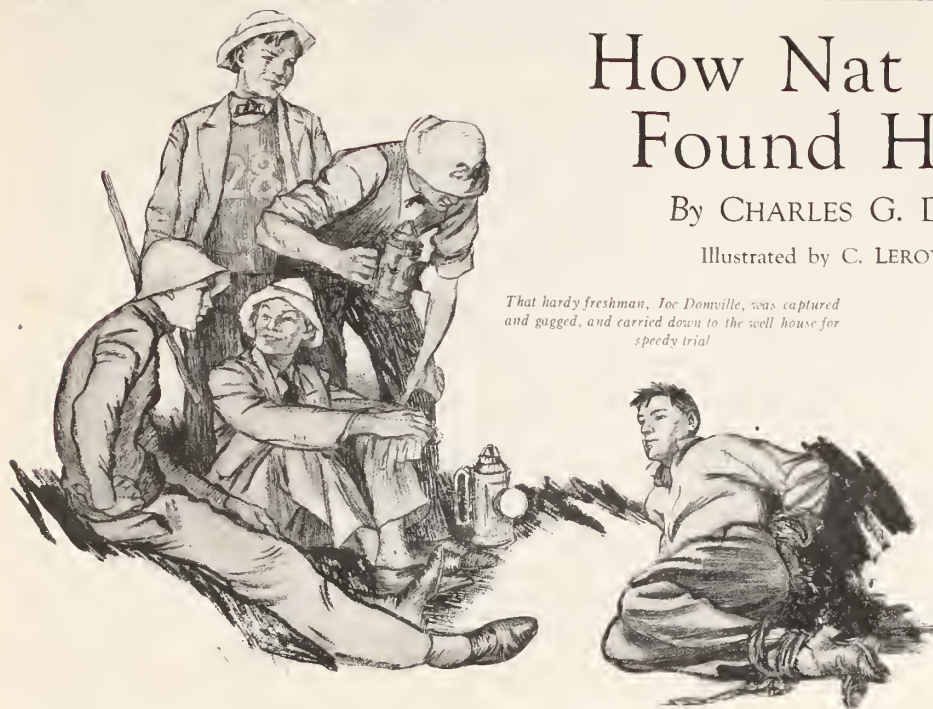
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How Nat Simons Found Himself

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

That hardy freshman, Joe Donville, was captured and gagged, and carried down to the well house for speedy trial



"I WONDER it has never been thought of before!" said Charley Peters pleasantly, looking across the well box to Nat Simons.

"What's never been thought of?" asked Nat, shivering as he peered down into the mysteriously glimmering depths.

"Why, what a place this old tank would be for the discipline of freshmen," replied Peters.

Nat slightly drew back and glanced with apprehension at the speaker's laughing face.

"Thank you kindly, Peters," remarked another freshman dryly. There were half a dozen members of his class present, and he knew that the sophomores, though in somewhat stronger force, would undertake no hazing enterprise at that particular moment. The hazing at Cranmer, moreover, was never violent or cruel, and there was a fairly good feeling between the classes.

The college fire brigade had just been testing their old hand-engine and going through their weekly drill. The members belonging to the senior and junior classes had hurried in to lectures, leaving the others to close the tank and put away their antiquated apparatus.

Cranmer College, being seated on a hill, had no confidence in the fire department of the little city which bustled in the valley at her feet. She took her own, time-honored precautions, and this huge, deep tank or well, around which her amateur firemen were now gathered, was an essential part of these precautions. It was fed by never-failing springs, and, as it was not connected with the regular water supply of the college, it was never cleaned out. Many and strange were the relics which, if student tradition were to be trusted, lay hidden beneath those sullen waters.

"Yes," continued Charley Peters cheerfully, "it would be a simple matter and most interesting on the whole, I am sure, to rig a block-and-tackle to this crosspiece here and let down such freshmen as seemed to need 'letting down.' You, Nat, might hold pleasant communion with the spirit of that old French professor who threw himself in here and dashed his brains out on the stone walls as he fell. Fiercer souls, like Joe there

and Harry, we could let down a little further, where they'd find it nice and cooling to their blood!"

Everyone laughed pleasantly at these suggestions except Nat, whose large, serious eyes seemed to be held in painful fascination by the blackness of the well.

"What depth of water is there down there, anyway?" suddenly inquired the freshman whom Charley Peters had called Joe. At the same moment, with vigor and precision, he launched into the well a pointed hardwood stake which he had picked up near the wood pile. The stake went out of sight and failed to rise again to the surface of the water.

"It's stuck fast in the bottom!" remarked some one.

"It will be a very neat thing, then, for you to light on, Joe, if we happen to let you down too quick!" said Charley Peters.

THE idea struck Nat as being too horrible to endure. With a sudden whiteness in his face he turned away and started for the college. Peters had caught his change of countenance.

"Don't be scared, Nat!" said he, with kindly contempt in his voice. "I reckon we won't subject you to this discipline, anyway!"

"He'd die of fright then and there, if you did," exclaimed one of Nat's classmates scornfully.

"Strange," commented Peters, looking after the retreating form; "he doesn't seem to have the spunk of a mouse, even!"

Meanwhile Nat, who had partly overheard these comments, went his way consumed with mortification, while his comrades proceeded to close the well with its heavy cover. At the foot of the back steps leading into the main hall Nat was met by a little girl with long yellow hair and an unwieldy armful of dolls. The little one smiled upon him lovingly and addressed him as "dear Old Nat!" He caught her up passionately, dolls and all, and buried his face in her curls. The child leaned back her head and gazed with large eyes of question at his burning cheeks.

"What's 'e matter, dear Old Nat?" she asked, relaxing her clutch upon the dolls so

as to touch his cheek with one little sympathetic finger.

"Oh, it's nothing, Allie," murmured Nat, kissing the finger. "But look here, Old Sweet, I wish you wouldn't take your dollies down to the tank. I don't like the idea of you and dollies playing over that horrible black water. What if the planks should break; then where would you be?"

The child looked at him in astonishment.

"But papa lets me!" she cried.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," stammered Nat. "Of course it's all safe!" And, kissing the child again, he set her gently down and hurried in to prepare for a lecture.

Nat Simons was a tall, slender youth of eighteen, with large, blue, meditative eyes and a sensitive face. His slim body was well-knit and active; he could run well, jump well, swim well, and was not behindhand in feats of sheer strength. But in anything like boxing, single-stick or wrestling he was nowhere. He had a strange, morbid self-distrust which led him to quail at once when face to face with an antagonist.

Having been left an orphan in earliest childhood, Nat had been brought up in his uncle's house amid a family of thick-skinned, blustering, hardy boys who jeered hugely at his nervousness of temperament. He had winced under the taunting phrase "Cowardly, Cowardly Custard!" through all the years of his childhood till at last he had become convinced that he was a coward.

He used to lie in his bed and think over all sorts of emergencies in which he might be called upon to play a manly and fearless part; and in an agony of humiliation he would see himself failing under the great test. In such a frame of mind he could not do otherwise than fail in the little daily tests that met him in the intercourse with other boys. He shrank before his fellows, not feeling himself their equal; and in return his fellows despised him frankly.

WHEN at last he entered Cranmer College his active brain and steady diligence put him at the head of his class. But his deprecating humility deprived him of all the influence or leadership which should naturally have accompanied his position;

and Joe Donville was chosen over his head for the office of class president.

As may be imagined, Nat had no friends among the students, although, in spite of what they called his "disgusting chicken-heartedness," they tolerated him because he was kind and truthful. They felt that, if Nat Simons could not do a plucky thing, neither could he do a mean one.

The professors regarded him in much the same light as the students did. But there was one notable exception. The bluff, big-hearted Doctor Maynerd, professor of physics and the most popular man of the faculty, believed in Nat Simons and made much of him.

More than once he said to other students: "You men will find yourselves mistaken in Simons, one of these days. In my opinion he's not the coward that you all think him to be—or that he thinks himself to be, which is the worst of it. He has had hard experiences as a child, I fancy, which have upset his nerve; but that he has moral courage, at least, I am confident!"

This idea the men could not accept, even though it was Doctor Maynerd who advanced it; but Nat felt that the doctor had some kind of faith in him, and he gave a romantic devotion in return. At the same time, however, instead of gaining confidence from the fact that some one believed in him, he only grew more tremulous as he thought of it. That Doctor Maynerd should ever come to be disappointed in him would be surely more than he could bear.

No small part of Nat's devotion to the doctor reached out to enfold the doctor's only child, that little yellow-haired Allie of the dolls. And Allie, in return, set Nat far above all the other students, among whom she had a throng of devoted cavaliers.

Nat, in fact, was the only stranger ever invited to the very exclusive luncheons which Allie and her dolls would sometimes give in the mysterious seclusion of the old well house. As for Allie's mother, she estimated Nat as the students did; but she was amiable enough towards him on Allie's account and even condescended at times to make him useful.

TWO nights after the conversation at the well mouth the mischievous suggestions of Charley Peters bore fruit in a sophomore ceremonial. That hardy freshman, Joe Donville, was captured and gagged, all unknown to his classmates, and carried down to the well house for speedy trial. He was convicted of paying insufficient respect to the sophomores, of carrying a stick when in town, and of threatening to cultivate a moultache.

In the darkness his counsel pleaded for him eloquently, not denying his guilt, but urging many extenuating circumstances. The plea was disregarded, and Joe was sentenced to be lowered into the well. A block and tackle had been rigged upon the crossbeam, and the culprit was speedily strung up.

The valiant president of the freshman class did not relish the prospect of a descent into those gruesome depths; but he nerved himself to endure it with fitting dignity. The speed, however, with which the descent began, jarred his composure, and he couldn't help crying out earnestly:

"Not so fast, boys, not so—"

But his words were cut off with a jerk as he suddenly sat down hard on the floor of

the well house. His tormentors had taken care not to open the well. He grunted at the shock, and then began to laugh heartily, till a sharp blow from a stocking stuffed with grass reduced him to respectful silence.

After this a couple of dark lanterns were opened, and the captive was tried anew for his inopportune laughter. His legs and arms were freed, and he was sentenced to dance a war dance over the well, while his captors held him by a rope about his waist lest he should make a sudden dash for liberty. Watch in hand, the judge scrutinized his performance coldly, and every time his leaping failed to reach an estimated height of two feet two minutes were ruthlessly added to the term of his exertions.

Now, there was one thing about the well cover which no one had noticed. The great square of planking, with its long iron hinges, had grown old and weak, the hinges being half eaten through with rust. The wild leaping of the president of the freshman class were just the last straw under which it must collapse.

"Excellent! Excellent!" murmured the judge, as Joe leaped a little higher than usual.

Then there was a dull crashing of timbers, a shriek of horror from Joe, an instant backward spring from the ever-alert Charley Peters, who held the rope. The unhappy dancer came down violently on his chest across the edge of the tank and was dragged up to safety by eager hands. And the broken cover fell into the depths with a sullen splash.

The men were thunderstruck. Joe Domville, faint and trembling from the shock, was taken straight to his room, to be doctored and soothed with remorseful care. The block and tackle were hidden in the barn; and, as no one dared to explain the matter to the college authorities, it was decided that a carpenter should be employed the first thing in the morning to make a new cover, bring it up to college, and put it in place. Certain students were detailed to take turns in watching the well, so that no one should fall in. And it was hoped that in this way the whole affair could be kept a secret.

NOW, it had chanced to Allie, that very day, to leave one of her precious dolls in the well house. The next morning, after breakfast, she ran out to get it. Nat saw her from his window and called to her, and she blew him a kiss as she trotted by. As for him,

he knew nothing of the doings of the previous night. A number of the sophomores, however, were lingering guiltily on the outskirts of the scene.

Seeing so many of his fellows in view, the

surface and catch blindly at the stones of the wall. "She's alive!" he muttered and, swinging himself with swift care to the other side of the well, he let himself drop straight down. The men caught their breaths. Some



Nat was met by a little girl with long yellow hair and an unwieldy armful of dolls



one whose special duty it was to watch the well forgot his charge for an instant. Two young cockerels at this moment began a brisk but bloodless combat and attracted every

eye. Allie ran to the well house. Just then Charley Peters saw her.

"Come back! Come back, Allie! Don't go in there!" he yelled furiously, darting towards her.

But Allie resented the tone of command from him. She was just at the threshold.

"Why not?" she asked, shaking her yellow curls defiantly, and hurrying forward with her eyes fixed upon Peters.

The next instant there was a muffled scream from the well house. With groans and gasps of horror the men drifted toward the spot and peered down the well. For a moment no one knew what to do. To jump into that black gulf, not the boldest dared. The depth, the narrowness, the unknown horrors of the bottom, that impaling stake—oh, it was not even to be hinted. But Charley Peters shouted, "The rope!" and rushed wildly toward the barn.

Meanwhile Nat had seen it all from his window. He was downstairs and outside the yard before he knew how he got there.

"Jump in after her!" he screamed to the men about the well.

The men shrank back and looked at one another with wide, awe-struck eyes. The next instant Nat was among them. He thrust the nearest violently away, knelt down and peered with shaded eyes into the darkness.

"No one could jump in there!" a voice cried pitiously; but he paid no heed.

Presently he saw the little figure flutter to

turned away their faces. Others leaned to look, with starting eyes.

Nat dropped with admirable precision. As he struck the water he doubled his legs, then spread out his arms, and so checked his descent before he reached the bottom. The bottom was soft and did not jar him badly. As he came up he struck his feet against the stake, standing upright close beside him, and kicked it away with a shudder of sick disgust.

The next moment he found a footing in about five feet of water, on some ancient accumulation of debris. Instantly he darted across the well, snatched at Allie's frock as she was just sinking again, and made good his return to his standing ground. The little one had just life enough left to cling feebly to his neck.

Beyond a flash of wonder at finding himself uninjured by that dreadful leap, Nat had not given himself a single thought since the moment when Allie's scream fell upon his ears. Now, as he stood there shoulder-deep in the icy water, he realized that he had done what none of the others had dared to do.

AN intoxicating thrill passed through him as he felt that he was not a coward that the great emergency had not found him lacking. He glowed with delight to think it was to him that Allie owed her precious life. He could hardly believe it was not a dream. Then he saw the rope and tackle fixed in place far above his head, and Charley Peters starting to descend.

"Go back, Peters!" he cried decisively. "You're just wasting time that way. Let the rope down alone, and I'll send Allie up all right!"

The empty rope at once descended, while Doctor Maynerd, thrusting his head over the edge, called down in broken tones, "God bless you, Nat! God bless you, my brave boy!"

Nat knotted the little form securely to the

rope, and Allie was hauled to the top, seized upon by her father and carried swiftly to the house. Then the rope went down again, and Nat, not daring to trust his numb hands, fixed a noose under his arms and gave the signal to haul away. Half a score of hands grasped him at the top and dragged him out into the sun, while his ears were storned with applause in wondering panegyric.

"I never heard of a braver thing!" he caught some one saying. And Charley Peters seized both his hands, crying:

"There's not another man in the country would have dared it! To think we never knew you, Nat Simons!"

Nat was pleased at this, in a quiet way, and wrung the hands that crowded to meet his own. But suddenly he thought of Allie and wondered whether her father and mother knew just what to do under the circumstances. He had once helped restore a half-drowned person and knew all about it.

"Run quick," he cried, "and tell them to heat blankets hot to wrap her in, instead of heat blankets hot to bed!" And several men darted off to do his bidding.

"Shoulder him!" shouted the rest, laying hold upon him. But Nat was now feeling faint from chill and the natural reaction.

"No, boys, put me down!" he said. And they set him down at once. Then Peters and another put their arms about him, and he was taken quickly to his room, where Doctor Maynerd met him with hot drinks and hot-water bottles and quickly got him into bed.

Nat slept till on into the afternoon, and then got up, feeling perfectly well. Moreover, he felt as he had never felt before. He looked at his fellows as an equal, and no longer feared, but loved them. He had no longer that fear of himself which is the worst of all fear. He had found himself, in fact; and his eyes seemed to rest upon a new, beautiful world.

The admiring homage of his companions, freely displayed for some days, the wondering compliments of the faculty, the grateful love of Doctor Maynerd, the adoring attention of Allie's mother—these did not puff him up; they merely gave him strength to secure his hold upon that new kingdom of himself, wherein he had so suddenly taken the throne.

By the time the excitement died away Nat's eyes had grown steady and fearless, a self-reliant firmness had come about his mouth. He found that his words now counted heavily with his classmates; he began to exert his proper influence as leader; and he looked out upon the battle of life before him with a new hope and a new trust.

The Scratches on the Glass

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

Chapter III. Gilbert Kent

THE shriek the girls uttered at sight of that apparition was piercing. It woke the sleeping household, and at once there were outcries to know what was the matter.

"We—we saw a ghost!" explained Blanche in a trembling voice as her father came out into the hall with a lighted candle.

"An Indian in a blanket! Right over yonder—as plain as day! We saw him in the lightning flash."

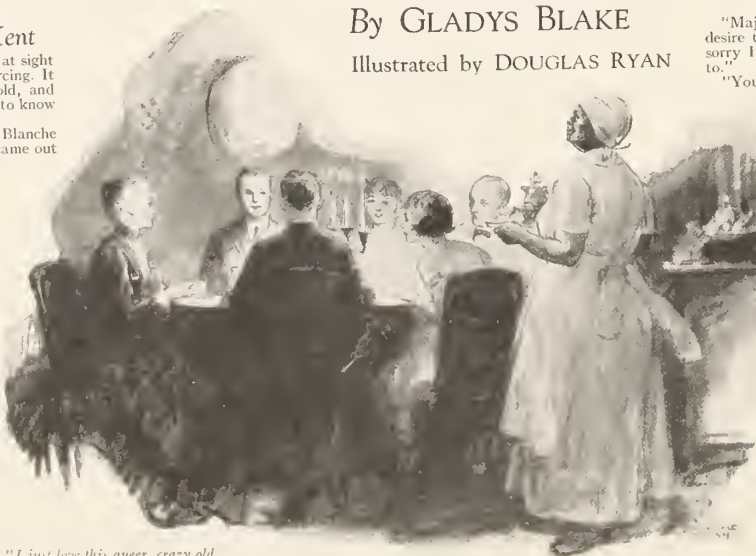
"Is that all?" asked Frank, who had at last found his electric torch and plunged out of his room with the expectation of fighting several burglars. Behind him in the dim doorway stood Gilbert Kent.

"All?" repeated Nancy indignantly. "Yes, that's all we saw!"

"We felt him as well as saw him," added Blanche. "We felt him brush past us just before the lightning flash."

"You girls have had a nightmare," said Mrs. Morgan. "Go back to bed. What were you doing up in the cold?"

But the girls still insisted that they had not been dreaming, and so Major Morgan said that he and the boys would search the house. Then Gilbert Kent, stepping into the candlelight, made an odd confession.



"I just love this queer, crazy old house," said Nancy. "I already feel as if I belonged here!"

"Major," he said, stifling an evident desire to laugh, "I was that ghost. I'm so sorry I frightened the girls. I didn't mean to."

"You the ghost?" repeated Nancy incredulously, while all the others looked at him. "No such thing! It was an Indian in a blanket. I had put a blanket round me because it was so cold," he explained. "I couldn't sleep, and I was just prowling round a little. The reason I didn't speak when you came into the hall was because I was afraid of frightening you in the dark. Then the lightning flash came, and it startled me as much as it did you. I dived back into my room and dropped the blanket, and for a few minutes I hardly knew what to do. I'm awfully sorry. Please forgive me."

Of course that ended the matter. Everybody laughed the incident aside except Frank, who grumblingly declared that he had been jarred out of a year's growth. He said he should always be an inch too short because of that scream in the night.

Morning came without any further disturbances, though the girls had been too nervous to sleep again and thought Gilbert Kent had behaved very strangely. They said nothing more about the matter, however,

and as soon as everyone was up the party motored into Monkshood and sat themselves down to a generous breakfast in the little country hotel.

There were a hundred things to do that day. All the party, even the two girls, wanted to go right on living in the Indian house now that they had spent their first night there. The family's former plan of staying a few days at the hotel in the village while the place was being cleaned was abandoned. They engaged a strong, cheerful and very black negro woman by the name of Cordy to preside over the kitchen and do their washing; they took her family, consisting of an incidental sort of husband and a lively little son, along to do odd jobs, and returned to the country.

AND then a glorious orgy of scrubbing and sweeping and dusting and airing was instituted inside the long-abandoned house, and outside there were weeding and repairing to do. The pantry was stocked with food-stuffs, a new stove set up, and with everybody working hard—from the Major in his shirt sleeves to Cordy's little black Dunk—astonishing things took place. By night the principal rooms in the house were sweet and clean, the table in the dining-room was laid with a white cloth and set with quaint old dishes and goblets and the silver which Major Morgan had taken from the bank vault, and Cordy was cheerily singing as she got supper in her spick-and-span kitchen. Blanche and Nancy, filling coal-oil lamps by the kitchen table, were so impressed by the new life the old house had taken on in one day that Blanche declared it was like nothing in the world so much as the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty after the prince kissed the princess. Both the girls had got over the shock of the previous night and had even forgiven Gilbert for causing it. So much hard work had dissipated the lingering resentment they had felt in the morning. And, peculiar as his conduct had been, it had given a fitting touch to their first night in the old Indian mansion.

"I just love this queer, crazy old house," said Nancy. "I already feel as if I belonged here. I'm broken-hearted when the summer is over and we have to go away again."

"Is you all just transoms here?" asked Cordy, who was listening to everything the girls said even while she was flying about from stove to pantry preparing a meal that smelled heavenly to hungry noses.

"Transoms?" repeated Nancy blankly. "Oh, you mean transients? Yes, that's all we are."

"We are just 'transoms' everywhere, Cordy," sighed Blanche, only half laughing at the ridiculous word. "We never stay anywhere more than a season. It's been so ever since I can remember."

"There! We've filled a lamp for every room!" exclaimed Nancy, wiping the oil from the glass bowl of the last lamp and setting the wick in place. "I don't think I shall like this for a daily job," she added. "If we were going to stay here longer, I'd beg dad to put in electric lights. But it wouldn't be worth while for just one summer, I suppose."

THE girls put their lamps on trays and carried them round to the various rooms. The one for the sitting-room had an attractive red shade and when it was lighted filled the room with a soft glow. Because a damp chill still lingered in the mountain air, a fire crackled on the hearth and the family had gathered round it in the twilight to wait for supper. Blanche and Nancy soon took their seats there with the rest.

"I'm very tired, but everything is in such apple pie order that it does me good just to sit and look round," remarked Mrs. Morgan in a tone of great content. It was the first time she had ever lived among objects which, not being sold yet, were her very own.

"I think you could go farther than that and say everything is in wedding-cake order," declared Nancy, regarding with admiration the shining furniture in the sitting-room on which she herself had expended much polish and elbow grease. "This room couldn't be cleaner if Gilbert and I were to be married here tonight," she added solemnly.

The family laughed, and Gilbert blushed. He blushed so easily that the girls often teased him just to see him do it.

"Nancy, you do say the most outrageous things!" chided her mother.

"Well, one has to draw Gilbert out somehow," said Nancy. "He's so quiet always that one almost forgets he's present. I never before met a boy of seventeen with so little to say."

"The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb," quoted Gilbert, trying to return the banter but still blushing and looking embarrassed.

"Gil preserves that same solemn silence at school," declared Frank. "While the rest of us enjoy long talk-fests he just sits and

disrespect, did you, Jane—er—I mean, Hattie—"

"Ef you can't remember Cordy, Major, just call me Cordelia for short," suggested the woman pleasantly.

They all laughed at this, and the Major said he thought he could remember Cordy in future just as well as he could the short of it.

AFTER supper there was a short period spent in trying to coax music from the old piano in the parlor. Of course it was out of time, but it was an instrument of excellent



Was the old house really haunted, Gilbert Kent wondered, or was he only light-headed for want of sleep?

listens. He's the best listener I ever encountered!"

"But what's the use of a listener?" jeered Nancy. "They don't add anything to the galaxy of nations."

"They add a great deal to the wisdom of nations," reminded her father.

"And in Gilbert's case," said Blanche demurely, "If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being!"

TEASING Gilbert was so much fun that they might have kept it up indefinitely if Mrs. Morgan had not laughingly put a stop to it. But when her young people were switched off into a lively discussion entirely unconnected with Gilbert the hostess found herself studying her young guest more closely than she has ever done before.

He was certainly a handsome boy in a dark, odd way. He had rather unruly black hair, which he had fairly glued to his head in some fashion to make it lie in sleek lines; he had dark eyes, and a dusky complexion. His features were strong but softened by his expression, which was a singularly sweet one, especially when he smiled. Nor was there anything taciturn or sullen about his quiet manners. He seemed only shy and retiring. After regarding him attentively for several moments Mrs. Morgan asked him a question.

"Gilbert," she said, "I take it for granted that your father comes of English stock because of your English name, but may I guess that your mother is from southern Europe?"

He gave her one of his sweetest smiles. "No, mother was born in America," he said, "and her people have lived in this country a long time. Where they lived before coming here we've never learned."

The supper bell rang then, and they all moved into the dining-room to partake of Cordy's first meal. It was a delicious one, and Mrs. Morgan told the cook so.

"Aw, now, shut yo' mouth!" said Cordy. This answer rather startled everyone but the Major. He only laughed.

"That's an old-fashioned darkey's modest way of deprecating a compliment," he explained to his wife. "You didn't mean any

make, and the Major promised his wife that he would have it put in order very soon. Then, in the very middle of a song, somebody proposed bed and everybody else seconded it. They all went upstairs, declaring that they had never been so tired in their lives before, and that it would take a very noisy ghost to disturb their rest that night.

Soon the house was quiet. Five of its six inmates (Cordy and her family had a cabin in the yard) slept peacefully. But in the boys' room only Frank was asleep. Gilbert Kent lay awake in spite of the fact that he had earned his rest as honestly as anyone in the house that day. A big clock in the house struck twelve and found him still tossing sleeplessly. And presently he sat up, looked closely at Frank and got out of bed.

He took a candle and matches from the mantel, flung a blanket over his arm and softly left the room. In the cold hall he drew the blanket over his shoulders, and as he did so a faint grin crossed his face. He told himself that he hoped nobody would mistake him for a ghost this time, and that he could achieve his purpose in peace. It was a case of "if at first you don't succeed," and as Gilbert passed the door of the girls' room he fairly held his breath in the fear of seeing it fly open and of having his blanketed presence in the hall greeted with a dreadful screech from two disheveled and terrified young ladies.

But nothing of the sort happened. He passed the door in safety, reached the stairs and went down the steps so lightly that none of the ancient boards made protest. In the lower hall he struck a match, lit his candle and turned into the parlor where the dying embers of the fire still threw out a rosy glow and a welcome warmth.

If the boy's actions had been strange before, they became more curious now, for it was immediately evident that he had come to the parlor at this midnight hour to examine the window on which were those peculiar scratches believed to have been made by a Cherokee chief a century ago. He took his candle as near to the glass as was safe and studied the inscription intently with a line of perplexity between his brows. And presently he set the candle

down, found paper and pencil and copied the inscription as well as he could. Then, sunk in a big chair by the half-dead fire, he set to work to try to solve the meaning of it.

As he bent over his work in the dim light and heavy silence he had an uncanny feeling that the room was filled with ghosts. Dusky red figures seemed to crouch round him and watch him intently as he strove to understand the strange old puzzle. He thought that sibilant whispers encouraged him to continue when he would have given up, and that dark fingers held him down in his chair when he strove to rise and return to his room. Was the old house really haunted, he wondered, or was he light-headed for want of sleep?

Nearly two hours had passed when he suddenly started and bent very close to the paper in the last rays of the sputtering candle. His heart began to beat fast. With stiff fingers—it was very cold in the parlor now—he rewrote the inscription, studied it a moment longer and then bounded to his feet in excitement just as the candle flickered out. He wanted to whoop like an Indian, to cheer like a white man at a football game, and to dance round the room in the manner of both races when filled with triumph.

But another moment sobered him. He put the paper on which he had been scribbling in the pocket of his pajamas and moved softly toward the stairs again. Back in the room he shared with Frank he crept shivering into bed, but with sleep even further from him than before. Instead, he lay wide awake and thought. In his mind's eye he saw vivid pictures.

HE saw America before the white men came, when only red men moved in its forests and hunted among the mountains. He saw the red men being driven from place to place by the advancing white hosts and their possessions circumscribed. He saw a nation of red men living in northwestern Georgia after the white men's war of 1776, giving their allegiance to the new government, but establishing also a constitution and government of their own and advancing by great strides in civilization. He saw them building comfortable homes, laying out plantations, sending their children to schools, starting newspapers, making plans for a college, and all in all laying the foundation of a great future among the mountains and valleys they loved so well.

Then he saw the jealous eyes of the white men turning toward these lands, in the possession of which the red nation had been solemnly established by the national government in Washington. He heard ribald voices singing:

"All I want in this creation
Is a pretty little wife and a big plantation
Away up yonder in the Cherokee nation!"

Then the high-handed injustice that followed: the treaty concluded with a miserable minority of red men that was declared to be binding on the whole tribe—the treaty by which they forfeited all their lands in Georgia—and the dreadful scenes which occurred during the eviction—white soldiers driving families out of their homes without a moment's warning, the separation of parents and children, of husbands and wives, the long terrible march westward, the sickness and death on the trail! Should Cherokees ever forgive and forget it? Would it be wrong for a Cherokee to cheat the white men and their families as the white men had cheated the Cherokees? Was not a Cherokee justified in taking what belonged by right to his tribe out of the possession of those to whom an unjust law would give it if carried into the courts? Were there not times when even the sacred relations of guest and host must yield before a son's loyalty to his people? Would it not be a greater wrong to deprive a whole nation of something that was theirs by every moral right than to deceive a friendly host—or, to put it more justly, to keep secret from him a matter that was really none of his affair?

There in the darkness the boy's hands clenched and his black eyes flashed fire. Had the Morgans seen him they would never have pronounced Gilbert Kent a gentle and bashful boy. And Frank would have been utterly astonished at his schoolmate.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Grandmother Ruth's Gold Beads

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL

NO such beads are now made, I think, unless perhaps on a private order.

It is said that a pennyweight of gold can be rolled thin enough to cover a hundred square feet: that is the kind of gold plate beads appear to be manufactured from at present! But those old beads that Grandmother Ruth wore had real weight and thickness. The necklace weighed two full ounces avoirdupois, and that, too, after a century of wear; for grandmother had inherited them from her mother in Connecticut, and she, from hers. They were more than a hundred years old. It was expected that when grandmother died either my cousin Theodora, or else Ellen, would have them in regular order of descent.

Grandmother Ruth had worn them for forty years, though she took them off for a day, sometimes, when she cleaned house, made soap or had an unusually large wash. Occasionally too, they had to be laid aside while a new "snap" was sent for, to Portland. And about once in two years the catgut string on which the beads were strung broke. These were times of danger for the integrity of the necklace. Two or three beads had rolled away and been lost on these occasions, to the great solicitude of the whole household, for already the necklace was getting tighter than was quite comfortable.

At such times the necklace would repose awhile in a little china saucer on the dressing-table in grandmother's bedroom, until a spare moment when she got around to put in a new string. Meantime a knot was carefully tied at the end of the broken string to keep the rest of the beads from coming off.

It was during one of these times of disuse, when the string had been broken and the necklace laid up in the little china saucer, that it disappeared, under circumstances which were thought very suspicious.

There had come along the day before an itinerant doctor, vending a remedy which—if it would do what he said it would—must commend itself to thousands of people. He called it a "sure cure for nightmare." He told us that his name was Dr. Erasmus Cluverius, and that his home was at The Hague, in Holland. He was dressed wholly in black, had a beard of patriarchal length and wore gold rings in his ears, as well as a tricornered hat of a fashion never seen previously in that part of the country.

He appeared in the yard at the Old Squire's, driving a small but strong calico pony, hitched up in a two-wheeled cart that had a capacious box beneath a high seat. He asked to be entertained over night and sought permission to lecture at the district schoolhouse that evening, the purpose of unfolding the virtues of the cure. Entertainment was given him. In those days we put up almost anyone who sought shelter.

DOCTOR CLUVERIUS had resided, he told us, for many years in the East Indian possessions of the Dutch and had also traveled extensively in western China and Tibet. It was while on a visit to the Grand Lama of Tibet, at Lhasa, that the secret of the cure for nightmare had been imparted to him, as a token of the Lama's especial favor. Convinced of the great blessings the cure would confer on the American people, he had determined to disclose it, believing that so important a discovery should not be locked up from the world in bigoted Tibet.

"I sell this remedy," he said, "but I charge only for the three volatile, aromatic gums of which it is composed. I seek no profit from it for myself. I have no need to do so. I have a private fortune, sufficient for all my wants. I made other discoveries in Tibet which have proved very lucrative. This discovery of the cure I am distributing at cost, with no other remuneration save the pleasure of alleviating misery."

This latter declaration, however, came at the close of the doctor's lecture at the schoolhouse that evening, where sixty or seventy people of the vicinity had gathered; for when he first came to our farmhouse he had given my cousin Halstead a dollar to go the rounds of the district and leave at every house a small, neat handbill describing the cure.

The doctor, as I now recall it, began his lecture quite simply. "Nightmare, or incubus, is one of the commonest of disorders," he said. "Almost everyone has it occasionally; and some have it frequently,

In former years, before I learned of the cure, I had one every week of my life on an average, sometimes oftener; and really I think I suffered more from it in my mind, if not in my health, than from all other bodily ailments combined. In some cases the suf-

little raised shoulder at either end to keep the string from slipping off. To sniff the odor, one had only to remove the corks and apply the end of the tube to his nostrils—an easy prescription to take.

But what an odor it was! It was not



About three weeks that afternoon, the necklace was discovered to be missing. Ellen, I think it was, first raised the alarm.

ferer is half awake in fact, but cannot stir or quite wake up. The cause is a stagnation of the blood in the brain, associated with feeble heart action. This condition may be induced by a too heavy meal at night and imperfect digestion; but there are other causes.

"Nightmare is always accompanied by a sense of danger and a realization of the necessity of making a struggle to wake up, however hard it is to do so, or however long the effort has to be continued. And this is the right thing to do. One must try to wake. It is dangerous not to do so. Many deaths occur from not being able to wake from nightmare—deaths which are generally attributed to heart disease.

"The cure for nightmare which I am able to offer you is one that will prevent you from having it," the doctor continued. "It cured me. I have never had it since I began to practice the cure; and I have never had a case where the cure has failed. It is not a liquid, or a pill, to be swallowed, but an odor to be inhaled at bedtime, just before falling asleep. The odor is one emitted by three very volatile gums, one of which exudes from a tree, growing at the foot of the Altai Mountains in southern Siberia; another is from the seed pod of a vine found in the jungles of Bhutan, and the third from a gall taken off a species of oak found on the foothills of the Hindu Kush range. These ingredients are procured only at considerable expense. The three gums are combined in a porous mass through which air can be drawn and the odor thus inhaled."

At this point of his lecture, the doctor passed round a sample of the cure, to be seen and smelled. The odoriferous substance was contained in a small glass tube about five inches in length, open at both ends, but stopped with corks, the loss of which was prevented by a tiny string attached to each and tied round the end of the glass tube, which had a

pungent or tear-compelling, like ammonia or smelling salts, but a strange, penetrating smell that made you feel as if you were afloat in boundless space. It seemed risky to take another sniff at it; and in fact Adriana Darnley, up in one of the back seats of the old schoolroom, actually lost consciousness—swooned or fainted—for a few moments. Others, too, were oddly affected. "Why, I nearly lost myself!" George Wilbur exclaimed.

"That young lady in the back seat took too strong a sniff," the doctor remarked, smiling. "It is a powerful odor. That is why it will prevent nightmare. It acts powerfully, throughout the night, on the wellsprings of life, in ways that are mysterious and beyond our present powers of comprehension. The Tibetan lamas are acquainted with much that is occult and beyond the ken of Western science. They have another odor of a different kind from this, much more powerful, which will entrance a person for an entire day and lead him, or her, to reveal the most carefully guarded secrets. This the Grand Lama sometimes makes use of in cases where certain of his subjects are suspected of treacherous designs. They are led to enter an apartment, which is then suddenly flooded with the odor through pipes in the ceiling. It is called the 'sleep of truth.'"

THE doctor then returned to a more practical consideration and explained how the cure was to be taken, or rather practiced. The glass tube was to be kept securely stopped near the head of one's bed. Sitting up in bed after retiring, one had only to take three gentle sniffs for each nostril; nothing more;

the easiest medicine in the world to take and occupying only a few seconds of time. "You will soon form a habit of doing it," the doctor continued. "You will come to like it. Isn't that preferable to struggling through an hour of hideous nightmare, running the awful risk, too, of never waking up? And the price of a

tube is only seventy-five cents," he added impressively, by way of finish. Indeed, the doctor was so impressive as to be well-nigh hypnotic.

About twenty persons invested in the cure that evening. The Old Squire was present, but when asked by a neighbor if he had bought a tube made answer that he had prudently left his pocketbook at home.

A neighbor's wife of a practical turn of mind inquired how long the odor in the tube would hold out. "Three years, if securely stopped," the doctor replied. "At the end of that time, when the odor begins to grow faint, send your tube to me at No. 5 Liberty Street, New York, where I have a trusted agent. Inclose fifty cents with the tube, and it will be returned to you, postage free, fully charged with fresh aromatics, good for another three years.

"And I want to say again," added the doctor, "that these prices are made merely to cover the actual cost of distributing the cure."

Was the learned doctor a quack, a faker, the reader will ask. Probably, though I never felt wholly certain as to that. But what is much more to the point, did the cure prevent nightmare? Candor impels me to say that it really appeared to do so. In that vicinity those who bought the doctor's tubes were, so far as I learned, unanimous in saying that they had no nightmares—unless they had forgotten to sniff their tubes. Was this "faith cure"? May be. The apparently learned doctor, with his talk of foreign gravel, strange gums and the Great Lama, certainly contrived to inspire faith in what he asserted.

But what had all this to do with Grandmother Ruth's gold beads? A good deal; at least we thought so for three years or more thereafter. Doctor Cluverius, as I have said, spent the night at our house and was with us until past nine the next forenoon. He wished to consult our new encyclopedia and in fact spent an hour or two that morning in the sitting-room, much of the time alone there. Grandmother Ruth's bedroom opened off the sitting-room, the door of which was often ajar. On that August morning the windows were open, and the wind was blowing gently. On that morning, too, as previously mentioned, the necklace was reposing in the little china saucer on the dressing-table, had in fact reposed there for several days. But about three o'clock that afternoon it was discovered to be missing. Ellen, I think it was, first raised an alarm.

Doctor Cluverius with his pony and cart had then been gone about six hours, having announced his intention of proceeding to the school district next adjoining ours,—the district locally known as "Bagdad,"—where he expected to lecture and distribute the cure.

Our neighbors and neighbors' children about the old farm were all so honest that the idea of theft in that quarter was unbelievable. But some one had taken the beads; and, as the stranger doctor was apparently the only person who could have had access to them, suspicion, faint and reluctant at first, pointed to him. Grandmother Ruth felt confident he had them; the Old Squire said nothing. Addison and I hitched up Whistle and drove over to "Bagdad" with a notion of keeping an eye on the doctor's movements. We learned, however, that he had given up his plan of lecturing there and gone on, no one seemed to know where, or in what direction. This of itself appeared suspicious.

WE drove home, fired with the idea of getting a warrant and sending the sheriff after him; but the Old Squire refused consent to this, saying that the evidence wasn't sufficient. A few days later Theodora espied a press notice of the doctor and his cure in a Bangor paper, which she read aloud.

"And that old rascal has got my beads!" was Grandmother Ruth's indignant comment. "I would like to meet him for about three minutes!"

"He would need to smell of his cure that night, wouldn't he, Gran?" Addison said laughing; but grandmother didn't consider it a laughing matter.

Time went on, and three years passed. The gold beads were now nearly or quite forgotten, except by Grandmother Ruth and the girls. Then, one night in March, following two days of rain, a high wind blew down



Doctor Cluverius was dressed wholly in black, with a beard of patriarchal length

the old martin-house which for thirty years had stood on its pole just beyond the garden gate. The fall shattered it. Ellen and I ran out next morning to view the ruin. Half a dozen of the dry old nests of the martins had spilled out on the icy snow. In the debris from one of the topmost nest-holes lay a silver spoon, four board nails, a finger ring, Theodora's long-lost silver-handled pen-knife, a coral napkin ring, a jew's-harp and Grandmother Ruth's gold beads—the saving knot still at the end of the broken string! We carried it all in, spread it out on the table and called Gram. The old lady stood in

well-nigh speechless astonishment, while Ellen unfolded the tale of the finding; then she sat down and fanned herself vigorously. How came the beads and those other articles to be hidden away at the top of the martin-house pole? That was a puzzle—until at length it was remembered that during that summer when the beads had disappeared one of our youthful neighbors, Willis Murch, had been the possessor of a tame raven which had come to be very much of a nuisance, flapping and cawing about our place, as well as at the Murches. One of his mischievous exploits had been

to drive away the martins from their house that season; and afterward the top of the martin-house had been one of his favorite perching places. It was also recalled that many other small articles, like Theodora's knife, had been lost that summer. Beyond doubt this big black bird was the thief—probably through the open bedroom window.

Doctor Cluverius, so long under a cloud at our place, was now wholly consoled; and it was a comfort—about the only one—to reflect that he had been wholly unaware of the suspicion which had followed him

forth on his travels after that brief sojourn among us.

"Didn't I once hear you say, Ruth, that you would like to meet the doctor again for about three minutes?" the Old Squire asked at the breakfast table a little later.

Gram looked decidedly uncomfortable. "I suppose this ought to be a lesson to all of us, not to form hasty judgments," she said at length, with unusual contrition.

About the beads and what finally became of them; well, Theodora waived her claim in favor of Cousin Ellen, who had them at last accounts.

As It Was Told to Me

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by W. M. BERGER

"STRAWBERRIES always put me in mind of the Battle of Bunker Hill."

I pricked up my ears wistfully. The far-off look in the faded eyes and the slow-sliding enunciation were, with the speaker, the sure presage of anecdote or longer narrative. Miss Liddy Blake was the oldest resident of the town, and—to borrow a folk-phrase of the region—she "had never been out of the smoke of the chimneys" since she was born.

I asked her once where she lived. "Nowhere in particular, my child," she said. "I just stay round and lend a hand when folks have use for me." Then, in the driest, dreariest monotone you can imagine, she added: "I have been homesick for forty years! Ever since mother died. She was going on eighty-five. Our family are all awfully long-lived!"

Words and intonation haunted me for years. I think now I have never heard a sadder confession. Yet her unimpaired memory was the boast of the township. Reference to "old Miss Liddy" in matters of local history was the end of all controversy.

The "use" to which she was put today was preserving strawberries for a neighbor who was too busy to do it herself. I had offered to help her in the tedious preliminary state of "capping" them. In this friendly office I was not wholly disinterested. I counted upon getting at least one story from her before the task was completed.

"What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days—"

had not yet been written, but my childish fancy was alive to the glory of the season, and the sense of it grew upon me as my fingertips were ruddled by the fragrant ooze of the fruit, deliciously blent with the sun-warmed breath of cinnamon roses and lilacs. And I scented in imagination the aroma of one of Miss Liddy's war-time stories that had already gained the dignity of traditions. I smiled encouragingly and threw in a note of dissent to stimulate her.

"Strawberries and a battle! I can't see how they could ever go together in anybody's mind!"

Miss Liddy took up another big berry and decapitated it gingerly. "You see it was this way. Mother had sent my sister and brother and me to what they called then 'Strawberry Hill.' It's a part of what is Dorchester now. Mother never let anything go to waste, and the war was coming on, you know, and she was going to put up everything she could to make ready for the famine that might be on us by winter, if all the stories we heard were true. She had got us a holiday from school, and we were in high spirits. We had been at work for maybe two hours—for the sun was getting high and hot, and each of us had one basket full—when on a sudden there came what I thought was a clap of thunder. I jumped.

"'For the land's sake!' says my sister. 'What was that?' While the words were in her mouth, there was another boom, and then another, and another, faster than we could count, and, looking out Boston-way, we could see clouds of smoke rising straight and high.

"Elizabeth, my sister, was twelve years old and the brightest of us all, and she thought in a second how she had heard father—who was a Minute Man—talking to the next-door neighbor the night before about getting an early start next morning, and how father was out and off before we got down to breakfast, and that mother told us 'not to ask questions' when we wanted to know where he had gone. So, as I say, Elizabeth guessed it all at once, and with that she dropped right down on the ground and began to cry.

"'It's a battle!' says she. 'A battle! And father must be in it!'

"My brother and I huddled close to her and cried as hard as she did, and presently she tried to say the Lord's Prayer, and we joined in; but she choked up when she got to 'Thy will be done!' and she looked up to the sky and called out, 'Please take care of our dear father and all the dear soldiers!'

"I couldn't say how my three children knelt there in the middle of the strawberry field, while the earth shook and groaned under us with the

horrid guns, and the smoke blotted out the June sun. It seemed hours and hours before the roaring stopped and we came to our senses enough to pick up our baskets and run for home.

And there was mother, sitting with her little openin' her lap, and one hand upon the baby's cradle as if she were afraid the British might steal him from her. Before night our next-door neighbor was brought home dead, and the men who brought him told us that father was alive and safe, but he couldn't leave his regiment.

"That was the beginning of the war for us.

It never came as close to us again, but we seemed to be in the thick of it, and we didn't hear from father for a month at a time. The women had to do farm work in the place of the men who had gone, and you wouldn't believe what difficulty we had to get food and clothes—to say nothing of the horrible heart-ache that was with us day in and day out. Seems to me that the heaviest part of a war falls upon the women who are left at home."

How often I echoed the old lady's words during the Great War and marveled exceedingly at the faithful repetition of history throughout all ages!

I CANNOT recollect the time when events and incidents of the Revolution were not talked of so freely and familiarly in my hearing that they seemed like things of yesterday. My great-grandfather was a colonel in the Northern Division of the Continental Army; my mother's father was a captain in a Virginia regiment; a great-uncle was on Washington's staff at the battle of Monmouth.

My mother loved to tell how mischievous boys would tease Uncle Sterling by dropping, with affected carelessness, in his hearing strictures upon the peculiarities of temper and language of his beloved chieftain, who, they asserted, "had a peppery temper of his own and a fine command of hot words when it was up." A favorite ruse was to lament, in guarded undertones, that "he would swear under strong provocation."

The angry tap of the old gentleman's cane upon the floor and a sharp reprimand attested that he was awake and on the defensive.

"None of that now, boys! It is a wicked lie—I don't care who said it!"

"But, Uncle Sterling! You forget the battle of Monmouth!" the boldest of the miscreants would plead respectfully. And that always brought out the tale they never

wearied of hearing.

A few years ago, while motoring through New Jersey, I halted at the chanicleur at a crossroad before a signpost that bore the inscription:

"HERE WASHINGTON MET LEE"

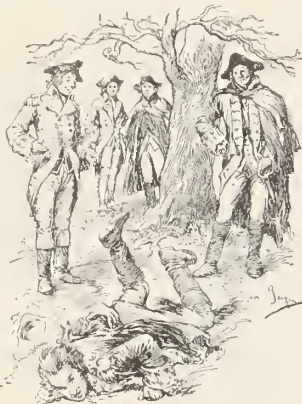
Then and there I rehearsed zestfully to my companions the story I had heard almost

at first-hand. Uncle Sterling did not deny that Washington "invoked the Deity" in his imperative demand of Gen. Charles Lee—

"What is the meaning of this ill-timed prudence?"



"What was that?" says my sister. While the words were in her mouth, there was another boom.



Greene failed for the sixth time and measured his length on the frozen ground.

"Give it up, Greene!" called Washington.

"You always were a lubberly fellow!"



"So you see, boys, it was Lee who did the swearing, not General Washington!"

"Then," he used to say, "General Lee, in the hearing of us all, answered back as 'sassy' as could be: 'I know of no one who has more of that most damnable virtue than Your Excellency!'

"So, you see, boys, it was Lee who did the swearing, not the general! Everybody knows that 'damnable' is profanity!"

It was something to recollect for the rest of one's life—the privilege of relating at the fork of the road how the commander-in-chief, hurrying to the battlefield with reinforcements, retrieved the disaster.

IF Napoleon's biographers are inclined to exaggerate his marvelous personal magnetism and the blind worship of officers and privates who served under him, history and tradition have, as a rule, depicted Washington as austere even to moroseness, and forbidding in his habitual gravity and reserve. Another relative, a white-haired major, was vehement in protest against this portraiture of his hero. One story in support of his side of the vexed question lies like a bar of sunshine across a snow field in the history of the Valley Forge winter when the fortunes of the Continental forces were at the lowest ebb.

A dozen or so of the younger officers were flexing muscle and warming blood by gymnastic exercises in a cleared area under the leafless trees. The crucial test of activity and strength was to leap high in the air and strike the heels together twice before landing squarely upon both feet. Gen. Nathaniel Greene, who went to war in spite of his Quaker father's agonized warning, "Lad, thee will be expelled from the Meeting if thee takes up arms!" was one of the contestants for athletic honors.

"A big, hulky, rawboned chap he was," said the major, "but he couldn't be outdone by anybody. He would jump again and again, although he never got his heels together even once on the way down. None of us knew that the general was watching us from the door of his tent until Greene failed for the sixth time and measured his length on the frozen ground. Then we heard a laugh from the tent door, and the general cried:

"Give it up, Greene! Give it up! You always were a lubberly fellow!"

"Nobody enjoyed a good joke more than he did. And he had a kind word for anyone who was in trouble. Of course he was usually serious and never talkative. Who could be talkative, with the whole weight of a nation on his soul?"

With advancing age loyalty to his demigod became a passion with our major. We had a marked illustration of this in an incident that occurred in the last year of his life. A visitor was telling of a charming sail up the Hudson past West Point.

The major interrupted him: "That's a mistake, sir! You couldn't sail up past West Point! General Washington had a big chain stretched across the river just there. And," in grim pleasantry, "since Benedict Arnold went to his own place long ago, there's not a man living who would dare take down the chain the general put there!"

Visitors to the West Point of today may see the huge links of the chain forged in the New Jersey hills, and now labeled as a Revolutionary curiosity.

My next bit of old-time war lore was given to me by my father, who, as a lad of fourteen, with a crowd of other boys,

watched from Boston Heights on June 1, 1813, the gallant frigate Chesapeake sail out of the harbor to meet the Shannon, which was menacing the city. So confident were the Americans of victory that a flotilla of pleasure boats with pennons flying, drums beating, and passengers cheering lustily, escorted the Chesapeake down the harbor.

"You may be sure we boys on the shore added our yells to the rest," my father would say. "We cheered until the frigate was out of sight, then sat down on the grass to wait to see her come back, towing her prize with her. When the first cannonade boomed over the water, we hurried louder than ever. We learned afterward that it was a broad-

side from the Shannon that struck down one hundred of the Chesapeake's crew, Captain Lawrence among them. A second broadside carried away the tiller ropes of our frigate and rendered her unmanageable.

"When we heard no more firing, we raised a mighty cheer and built a famous bonfire on the hill to welcome the Chesapeake. The engagement lasted only twenty minutes. In that time we tasted—and swallowed—the sweets of victory. Then we sat down and waited—waited—for hours! The horizon was a dead blank! It was late in the day before boats that had ventured near enough to the scene of action to reconnoitre brought to Boston the news that the Ches-

apeake had been captured. For the first time in my life I was too miserable to eat my supper that night."

I note, as a fitting sequel to this tale, that more than ninety years after the Boston boy went supperless to bed because the horizon remained pitilessly "blank," I visited the United Service Museum in Whitehall, London, in company with three of his great-grandsons and was the gratified witness of their patriotic wrath upon spying, among other trophies of naval victories, the faded ensign of the Chesapeake, "captured June first, 1813," and presented to the museum by a self-expatriated American ex-citizen!

From a French Point of View

By JULIA LESSER

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

I WENT to America to get some new ideas on how to care for my employees," the manager-director of personnel of a well-known Paris department store told me one day, "but I have been disappointed."

Without hesitation I voiced a protest. I felt justified in contradicting this statement, since I had been for some weeks an employee in the store when this conversation took place and had become well acquainted with the organization's methods.

"Surely, monsieur, you cannot have seen our organizations at very close range," I ventured. "Take the store with which I am familiar, for instance. Have you our rest rooms and library provisions, or are your hospital arrangements as complete as ours—including a dental service, or a chiropodist? Then there are our training department and the educational opportunities we offer our employees, not to speak of our record-keeping systems, and many other things."

His reply gave me food for considerable thought in the weeks that followed.

"Yes, I have noted all those things, and I intend to adopt some of the ideas. You Americans are marvels on mechanisms and systems. But what I sought was the spirit behind it all,—you might call it the 'soul,'—and that I learned very little."

The "spirit behind it all!" A very French reaction indeed. Marvels on mechanisms, but the new "ideas," the inspiration he sought, he did not find!

"Your directors cannot know their employees; your personnel changes almost constantly—I wonder whether you try to hold your employees? The large American organization somehow loses all the intimate personal touch."

THIS man, however, would be unusual anywhere. He is one of the directors of the store and is himself in charge of all personnel affairs. This type of organization is common in French department stores, linking up as it does the executive offices and personnel matters of every description. The store employs some seven thousand people, and this director interviews every new applicant before employment begins. His remarkable memory aids him in knowing every employee personally. Not only does this unusual man remember the worker's name, but he remembers many other things about his or her work and family affairs. Of course it was difficult to convince him that not many men were gifted with such a memory, that there were not many with his keen interest in human beings, and that few directors, therefore, could do what he was doing.

"I want my employees to be, and to know they are, the finest staff of the finest store in Paris! We French business men are perhaps wrong in preserving so much of the old conception of the 'patron' in our business, but we find it very hard to get away from—we are still, in a way, adopted fathers of our employees." He did not add, but it deserves to be noted, that they can be stern on occasion.

A beautiful example of this attitude and atmosphere is to be found in a day nursery conducted by one of the stores for the babies of its married women employees. It is an absolutely unique institution for a department store. To my mind, it explains in no small measure the frank reply which this store made to a pointed question I addressed to them:

"In considering a new applicant for employment, we do not discriminate against married women. We take into account other factors first, and they are the same for

the unmarried as for the married women."

The delightful little nursery can take care of thirty-six infants from one to fifteen months old, only the children of women employees being accommodated. When the baby's brought to the nursery in the morning by his mother, a nurse takes charge of him. His clothes are removed, and he is bathed and dressed in the garments provided by the nursery for wear during the day and put to bed. Provision is made for a sort of play space to allow a change from the bed and also to teach the baby to walk. The schedule is arranged so that the baby gets plenty of fresh air during the day. The American visitor always leaves this little nursery with the reflection that these babies seem much more robust and rosy than the average baby one sees on the Paris boulevards.

The mothers come over to the nursery—it is not far from the main store building—two or three times during the day to nurse their babies and play with them a bit. If the mother does not feel very strong, she finds that there are couches for her to rest for a

week-end holiday for their employees.

This Monday morning closing is the Paris department store's version of "la semaine anglaise,"—"the English week,"—as the day-and-a-half holiday is always designated in France, for the idea of closing business houses on Saturday afternoon as well as Sunday is regarded as having originated in England.

THE department-store business hours are: 1.00 P.M. to 6.30 P.M. on Monday, and 9.00 A.M. to 6.30 P.M., Tuesday to Saturday. The employees are allowed one hour for lunch and about twenty minutes in the afternoon as a sort of rest period; this last is the counterpart of the English "tea" period, although it is not so well equipped.

A weekly half-holiday for all workers in France (in addition to one day in seven) was supposedly provided for in the Shops Act of 1913, but the war interfered with the enforcement of the new law. The year 1919 in France was one of intense restlessness and discontent,—not unnaturally, to be sure, when one



A beautiful example of the French attitude is to be found in a day nursery conducted by one of the stores for the babies of its married women employees

few moments. Milk is provided for babies whose mothers are not strong enough to nurse them.

At the end of the workday, when the mothers arrive to take the babies home, they find that the little ones have been dressed in their own clothes to go home. Each mother receives a liter of milk to take along for the baby's supper. The mothers pay nothing for any of this service.

An effort is also being made to enlarge the nursery facilities so that children over fifteen months of age also can be cared for and provided with some sort of open-air playground.

A rather different angle on the "spirit behind it all" in the Paris stores is given when one contemplates the fact that these stores remain closed on Monday morning to provide the much desired day-and-a-half

considers the terrific strain through which the populace had passed,—and was characterized by a long series of great strikes, among which was the strike of the department-store workers of Paris. The strike was quite unsuccessful. But, appreciating the fact that their workers were extremely restless, and feeling the need of doing something to make them a little happier about life after the tortures the war had put everyone through, the owners of the large department stores in Paris reached an interesting agreement. It was arranged that all these stores should close Monday mornings. This would give the employees an extra half-day of rest or play or the time to arrange for the household shopping of the week. The small neighborhood provision shops remain open on Monday mornings and close on Wednesday or Thursday afternoons, to give their own workers the chance to shop in the big stores

It was thought that Saturday afternoon—when the English shops are closed—would be a poor time to close, because it is a day of heavy sales, by reason of the fact that employees of other businesses which close on Saturday afternoons find this the only time to do their shopping. The problem is very similar to what we encounter in the United States when we consider closing our department stores on Saturday afternoons. The French system works with remarkable satisfaction to all concerned, and no loss of business worth considering has been observed.

The "retraites," or retirement pensions, are a feature of department-store policy, which has great significance for French employees, who even go so far as to rate the stores in their estimation as good or better employers, according to the size of the "retraites" provided. Perhaps we ought to examine these provisions a bit more closely than has been our wont, now that the question of poverty-stricken old age comes again to the fore in the reports of our charity organizations.

The idea of retiring from work at about the age of fifty-five or sixty, or even a bit earlier, after some fifteen to twenty years of consecutive service to a business organization, is a commonly accepted one in France—in all of Europe. The Continental does not understand the American idea of keeping, going until you drop in your tracks. All of the French stores have retirement pension schemes, which they endeavor to improve upon, and which have certain features meant to hold the employee to his job.

In no case, however, does the pension provided seem to equal the worker's previous earnings, and a small surplus of savings is always necessary to make it possible for the recipient to spend his old age in comfort.

MOST of the funds are so arranged that the worker makes a contribution from his salary, something about five per cent, and the store adds an equal sum at stated intervals. At the five- and ten-year periods, the employers add an extra contribution. In addition, some stores assign certain portions of their yearly profits to the sums credited to the employees' pension fund. The totals are increased in other ways also, as by bequests made by members of the firm.

Usually, it is provided that girls who leave the store's employ to be married shall receive the full sum of the pension credited to them. Employees who leave a store to take up other work may receive the sum credited to their accounts, always provided they have been in the store's employ for certain specified periods.

Such then, are a few of the ideas which would have been considered by my friend the director as a part of the "spirit behind it all" in the personnel policy of French department stores.

Editor's Note—This interesting and significant article is one of several that have come to us since the publication of our serial, "The Glory of Peggy Harrison," which opened so many people's eyes to the wonderful work being done by ambitious, well-educated girls in great department stores and in banks and other companies. Miss Lesser, who writes this article, is herself a girl like Peggy Harrison in the story, she is a Barnard College graduate, now in the Correspondence Division of R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., where she helps to write the friendly, useful, personal letters that make New York's largest department store so neighborly to patrons all over America, and in foreign countries too.

Oddities

For any picture sent in by a subscriber, and interesting or curious enough to appear in this column, we will pay \$3.00—and will return your print. Inclose return postage and write your name and address on the back of the print. Address Oddities Editor, The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.



ONE OF NATURE'S SIDE-SHOWS

Mrs. Bert Russell, of South Pasadena, Calif., writes that the "Switzeroceros" and the "Camel Bird" are the grotesque shapes taken by the trunk and a branch of a tree found in the California mountains and now on exhibition at Switzer's mountain camp.



WHAT EVERY CYCLONE CAN'T DO

"A freakish whim of a tornado," is Mrs. J. A. Brink's good description of this snapshot. The tornado lifted the farmhouse which stood in this spot near Primghar, Iowa, and flung the house into the orchard at the right. But the jam jars on the cellar shelf and the pail of water at the doorway were not disturbed.



POSSUMS NOT PLAYING POSSUM

Anybody can photograph a possum when it is "playing dead." Our friend Clifton C. Akton, of Nettleton, N. C., wins \$3 for his patience and skill in securing this action picture of Mr. and Mrs. Possum. Wild animal photography is fascinating. If you can take flashlight pictures, watch for an article soon about "shining" deer—great sport and the best kind of sportsmanship to animals.



THE BIGGEST BONFIRE EVER?

Now, if you ever made a bonfire and got tired of picking up sticks for it—what say you to this one, burned on Duffold Hill, England, for the coronation of King Edward VII?—Miss Betty Holmes sent it to us.



Published by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the interest of Athletic Sport

HOW TO PITCH

PITCHING requires first, a natural swing in delivering the ball. This body swing is the timing of the motions accompanying delivery of the ball so that the greatest amount of propelling force is urging it. The ball must "have the body behind it." In addition to the momentum lent by the arm swing, by working the body in rhythm and pivoting properly on one foot, the shoulder and back muscles and the weight of the body are in the combination for success.

Pitching the Drop

A good drop curve is hard for a boy to acquire. It is delivered with the ball held in the same position as for the outcurve. In fact, with a majority of pitchers the drop is merely the outcurve thrown overhand. The arm is brought straight down from its top position, the ball rolls out over the index finger as in the outcurve, the wrist imparting a downward snap to the rotation, just as the ball leaves the hand.



The Outcurve

Almost every schoolboy can throw the outcurve. The arm, from its top position, is swung outwards and downwards across the body, finishing well around toward the left hip when the "follow through" has been completed. At a point directly in line with the batter, the ball is released from the hand over the index finger and a snap imparted at that moment which causes it to spin away from the batsman as it approaches and around an axis that is between 45 and 30 degrees angle, with reference to the ground.

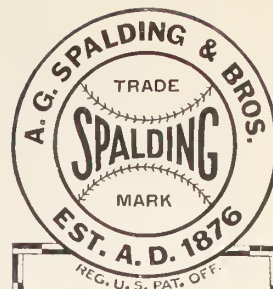


The Inshoot

The inshoot, as sometimes pitched, is little else than the fast ball delivered with a full, sidearm motion, or with any snap to the delivery that can cause the ball to rotate in towards the batsman. The ball rolls off the tips of the first two fingers as the last point of contact. The ball is delivered with the same motion as the fast ball—straight forward with the downward "follow through," with the exception that the arm finishes with a slight curve toward the right leg instead of toward the left.

The Slow Ball

The slow ball is just an unusual delivery, accomplished without tampering with the leather. It enables the pitcher seemingly to put all his power into a delivery—thus deceiving the batter—but allowing only a fraction of that power to be applied in propelling the ball, which is held in such a way that the grip is relaxed. The slow ball can be delivered with the ball held in the usual manner as for any curve, but at the moment the ball is released, the enclosing fingers must be relaxed.



Sizzlers!

No matter how fast—hold no terrors for a Spalding glove! As for the high ones... and the grounders... they're second nature!

Spalding gloves are made of highest grade horsehide especially selected for tough, durable qualities. The correct construction of a "Spalding" also eliminates all possibility of the padding from "bunching-up" . . . and prevents rebounds from the palm.

Another feature is the diverted seams between the fingers. Where two seams are joined there is bound to be a weakness. This is overcome in a Spalding glove by diverting the seam from the point which receives the greatest strain.

FRANK FRISCH, Captain and Second Baseman of the New York Giants, and STANLEY HARRIS, Manager, Captain and Second Baseman of the famous Washingtons, use and endorse Spalding gloves.

Let us forward our catalog (no charge) illustrating these—and many other—models.



FACT AND COMMENT

TO THINK GREAT THOUGHTS you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone, when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude . . . and in hope and despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved.—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IF THE UNITED STATES has any store of "folk music," it owes it almost entirely to Stephen Foster, whose haunting melodies—"The Suwannee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Nellie Gray," and many more—have been sung and loved by every American since the days when they were written. The hundredth anniversary of Foster's birth is approaching,—he was born on the Fourth of July, 1826,—and the occasion will not pass without appropriate recognition.

THEY ARE PUTTING UP a statue in Strasbourg to M. Clause, the cook who invented the *pâté de foie gras*. The man—or more probably the woman—who invented corned-beef hash or baked beans is more worthy of such an honor, if service to the great mass of the people, rather than to a selected group of epicures, should determine the matter. But, like the forgotten geniuses who invented the wheel and the block and tackle, these useful servants of humanity are lost in the mists of antiquity.

THE FIRST BOOK ever printed from movable type was Gutenberg's translation of the Bible, which was issued in 1456. The edition consisted of about three hundred copies, and no less than forty-five of them are still in existence. One of these sold in New York the other day for \$106,000. The price is high because only five of the forty-five copies are now in private hands. The others are in museums and libraries and can never come upon the market. The first copy to come to the United States was bought by James Lenox, in 1847. He paid \$2500 for it, and that was considered a fantastic price. This copy is now in the New York Public Library.

THE GERMANS, irritated at being blocked from the League of Nations by Brazil's action, have alluded scornfully to that country as a "jungle." There is now an immense quantity of jungle within its boundaries, but a German geographer, Professor Penck, predicts that Brazil will one day be the most populous country in the world. He says that the great Amazonian republic can sustain a population of 1,200,000,000, almost as many people as there are in the whole world today. He believes that eventually Africa and South America will contain more than half the people of the globe.

THE LEAGUE AND PEACE

THE unfortunate failure of the recent meeting of the League of Nations to accomplish the purpose for which it was called—namely, the admission of the German republic to the League—has obviously injured the prestige of that organization. Some discouraged observers think it has struck the League an almost fatal blow. It has certainly shown the difficulties that attend the operation of an international association, at a time when the spirit of nationalism and the jealousies between nation and nation are as strong as they are in these disordered days.

Apparently it was an American government, that of Brazil, which prevented, by its insistence on a permanent seat on the League Council for itself, the anticipated admission of Germany. Certainly Brazil showed a dogged obstinacy in the matter that left it with few friends at Geneva. But it is probable that, even if Brazil had given up the point, some other nation would have blocked proceedings by a similar claim. Spain and Italy were both willing to see Germany kept out of the League, and, though they were glad to avoid public responsibility for the failure of the meeting, they might have decided to bring that failure about themselves if they had not found a scapegoat in Brazil.

One thing the episode has proved. The League of Nations, under its present constitution, is very far from being a "super-state," since a single obstinate nation—and

that one of the smaller ones—can by its veto render the organization impotent to do what it wishes to do. Already European statesmen are saying that the constitution must be changed to avoid such a miscarriage as has just occurred. But that might lead to a secession of some of the smaller states which see in the obligation of the Council to be unanimous on any course of action their protection against the overpowering influence of the greater powers. We do not expect to see the League of Nations go out of business, but it may in course of time come to be an association of the leading European nations to preserve the peace of the continent, rather than the world organization of which Woodrow Wilson dreamed.

Meanwhile there are reasons for encouragement. The Germans mean to renew their application in September, and by that time the diplomats may have agreed upon an arrangement that will dissuade half a dozen other nations from trying to bulldoze their way into permanent seats in the Council. The relations between Great Britain, France and Germany are more friendly than they have been since the war, and though the peace pacts that were made at Locarno were provisional on Germany's admission to the League, the sentiment in all three countries is favorable to renewing those agreements, whatever happens at Geneva next September. It is easy for those who are above all interested in the permanence of the League of Nations to be discouraged; but there is no reason to believe that the prospects of continued peace in Europe are any worse than they were before the Geneva meeting. The preliminary conference which is to consider the question of limiting the strength of national armaments will meet as planned in May. What the conference will amount to remains to be seen.

WOOD-NOTES WILD

THose who live in any region approaching the country can always be sure of some morning birdsong from April till midsummer, even without leaving their own homes. As Stevenson has it, "My bedroom when I awoke this morning was full of birdsong, which is the greatest pleasure in life." The constant chant of the robin predominates; but with it and through it come the soft, delicious warble of the bluebird, the thrilling ecstasy of the song sparrow, and at times the tree tops echo with the clamorous roulades of the goldfinches, or a rose-bronzed grosbeak will pour his spirit out into the blue sky with a wavering rush of tremulous melody.

But for other notes, not perhaps sweeter,



Times W. W.

The portrait-mask of beaten gold, inlaid with painted glass and rare stones, which covered the face of Tutankhamun's mummy. Outside this mummy-case was a coffin of solid gold and beautiful workmanship which contained at least \$250,000 worth of gold.

yet subtler and more characteristic, you have to go out of your door and wander in the dewy woodland in the green splendor of a spring morning or a summer twilight. There are the wood thrushes, with their penetrating utterance of varied rapture, or the veery with its passionate whirl of song dying away upon the evening air. Or there are the little highly colored warblers, twinkling among the topmost boughs and pricking the green leaves and the sky with jets of wayward music.

There are three songs, not perhaps especially beautiful in themselves, but which seem above all to emphasize the solitude of deeper woods and to bring home to the listening stroller his lost wandering in the green immensity. These songs are broken, single, detached, and when they cut the silence they seem to leave it more impressive. There is the sharp cry of the ovenbird, not the wonderful flight-song, but the simple call, "teacher, teacher, teacher." There is the soft, remote murmur of the red-eyed vireo, falling into the green quiet like drops of sunshine. Best of all, there is the long-drawn-out chant of the wood pewee—just a few broken notes, but somehow in the depth and delicacy of their wandering cadence suggesting worlds of long reflection to the ear that hears with sympathy. And to appreciate the song you should follow the pewee to its nest, that firm, soft, delicate, mossy fabric, set almost out of sight upon a white oak bough. Song and home both have a fine fragrance of intimate quiet and domestic peace.

WHEN THE KETTLE BOILED OVER

WHEN we were little fellows there was always fun when the kettle boiled over. No matter what was in it, if it only boiled over, there was a carefully restrained whoop of delight. More than that we dared not allow ourselves, for grandmother did not agree with us that it was a joke.

How eagerly we watched the boiling kettleful of water, porridge, hasty pudding, maple syrup, or whatever it might be! If grandmother, who kept house for us motherless children, had told us to keep an eye on the kettle, it was so much the more interesting.

The stuff would begin to foam and to rise slowly to the rim of the kettle. We fairly held our breath with the suspense. But so far as we can remember we always forgot to call our busy grandmother until it was well over and out of the kettle. Then what a shout of excitement went up!

"Grandma! Kettle's over!" And under cover of the cloud of steam or the smoke of

scorching syrup we hid our secret delight that something had happened to enliven the day.

Not the least of our boyish joy was the expectation, never disappointed, of seeing grandmother come running in with hands waving in consternation over the mess on the shining stove. "Oh, my stars! Sakes alive, child! When will you learn to be worth your salt?" And we wriggled in silent glee as grandmother whirled about the kitchen, snatched the kettle from the stove, threw open the doors and windows, checked the fire, and scraped and scrubbed the stove with a busy clattering energy that showed what a wonderful force was hidden away in her little frame. For grandmother hardly weighed one hundred pounds.

Little we realized as we crept away, stealing half-scared glances at one another, and perhaps allowing ourselves a few hysterical giggles over this great event of the day, how much extra work, how much added care, how much needless worry, we had ignorantly laid upon her frail shoulders that day.

Dear little grandmother; mother, as well, to us! If we could only take up those burdens now! If we could only repay you for the load of labors and sacrifice you carried for us in those far-off careless days!

It is too late for payment. There only remains the opportunity to carry a burden for some one else, who will never understand just what we are doing for them, until it is too late for them to repay us. Only in this way are such debts forgiven.

THE POWER OF SILENCE

AMONG all the schools of salesmanship and expression and other rhetorical arts, is there one that fittingly emphasizes the value of judicious and opportune silence?

Many a young man retires from a business interview, and many a young woman from a social gathering, who, if they had the insight and the honesty of the plucked and battered parrot in the old picture, would say, "The trouble with me is, I talk too much."

Few really great men are garrulous. Power comes from reading and study and reflection and judgment, to all of which talk is usually a hindrance and distraction, whereas quiet provides the fertile soil that the mind needs. The listener is all the time taking something in; the talker, giving something out; and not even the deepest reservoir is inexhaustible. They grow by listening, not by talking.

Literature is full of aphorisms and anecdotes that show how clearly men in all the ages have recognized the power of silence, or at least of a becoming reticence. "He that hath knowledge spareth his words", "Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent"; "He multiplieth words without knowledge"; "Silence is golden." Nor need we turn to the classics or to Holy Writ for confirmation. It was the silent Grant who brought the great conflict of the Civil War to an end when other and more talkative generals had failed. In the Great War it was harder to get an interview from Joffre and Foch and our own Pershing than from any of the lesser commanders. In business life both the late J. P. Morgan and his son, the present J. P., Mr. George F. Baker, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Storrow and that previously little-known Mr. Grant who is generally credited with having ended the coal strike, all are men of long silences and few words.

Mr. Edison listens much and says little. So did Colonel House listen much and say little in the Wilson administrations, and so do Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover in the present administration. As for President Coolidge, his nickname of "Silent Cal" is a tribute of amused confidence and approval rather than a gibe. When an officious friend argued with him at length that he should get a better-known physician than the one then in attendance at the White House, the President packed explanation and dry humor and mild rebuke all into his five-word reply, "Well, we aren't sick much." No President, except possibly Mr. Cleveland, ever talked less frequently or more to the purpose.

Reticence need not and should not mean dumb unresponsiveness, but rather the courtesy that holds open the door of speech for others and waits its turn. There is no easier, surer way of winning a reputation for gracious manners than by being a good listener.

Miscellany

"I KNOW SOMETHING I SHAN'T TELL!"

By Abbie Farwell Brown

*I know something I shan't tell!
Where the twin-flowers ring their bell
If you breathe such holy things,
Soon the wonders spread their wings.*

*I know something you don't know!
Where the bluest gentians grow.
(If you'd keep the secret true,
I might whisper it to you.)*

*I know something none can guess!
Where one mayflower's loveliness
Blooms in the park not far away.
Never fear! I'll not betray.*

*I know secrets far and near
Florist-shops would pay to hear;
Treasure of the wood and plain
Greedy folk have teased in vain.*

*Once a trusted friend I told
Where hid violets color of gold.
Then she rooted all away—
Flowers and friendship—in one day.*

Nota Bene:

*If bright secrets you should learn,
Rare wild flower or fragile fern,
Spare them! Keep them! Love them well,
Bless and leave them. Never tell!*

NEIGHBORS

THE topic of conversation was neighbors. One after another had aired his grievances against vicious, selfish or thoughtless neighbors.

"I don't suppose you farmers have any trouble with your neighbors," said one of the group, turning to Uncle Si Blodgett.

"Well," replied Si, thoughtfully, "in the country, neighbors are not as numerous as they are in the city; still I have had all kinds of neighbors. Their cattle have broken into my field and destroyed my corn. Their pigs have rooted up my alfalfa. Their chickens have levied tribute on my wheat shocks. They have said little mean ugly things about me and my family. They have lost their tempers and called me hard names. They have voted public improvements that I did not consider necessary and so increased my taxes. They have voted down propositions that I was anxious to see go through. They have annoyed me in a hundred ways. Yet I do not see how I could get along without neighbors.

"Only last week I broke my hay loader. Three hundred dollars' worth of choice hay ready for the barn, a rain brewing. I went over to neighbor Brown's and asked him for the loan of his hay loader.

"Surest thing in the world," he said. "Got much hay down, Si?"

"Plenty," I replied.

"Well, now, it looks like rain, and this break-down'll put you back. I'm not very busy. I'll take my team and give you a lift if it will be any accommodation."

"It was worth at least a hundred dollars to me to get all that hay in the barn before the rain, and I could not have done it if it had not been for neighbor Brown. Cal Brown isn't a saint. He has done lots of things that he provoked me since we have been living on adjoining farms, but for all that Cal is what I call a real neighbor.

"When a flood washed out a bridge below my place and I couldn't get to town without going several miles out of my way and over a road that was almost impassable, neighbor Curtis threw open his fence and told me to drive right through his meadow.

"When the baby was sick, and mother had just worn herself out taking care of him, and we couldn't find a nurse or a hired girl that was willing to stay in the country, neighbor Pettigo's wife came over three times a week for more than a month and helped out with the work and gave mother a chance to get a little rest, and she wouldn't take a cent for it.

"That spring when I was laid up with a broken leg and couldn't get help, and the weeds were takin' my corn, the neighbors came in, a dozen or so of them, and cleaned out the field in a single day. I can't begin to remember the times my neighbors have

helped me up a grade that was a little too stiff for my motor. Come to think of it, when my neighbors and I have viewed things through different lenses, they have been right just about as often as I have. And I can't help thinking that I should have had better neighbors if I had been a little better neighbor myself. Next to my farm and my family and my religion, I don't know of anything that is of more value to me than my neighbors."

STEVENSON ON CHILD TRAINING

GAY, light-hearted and debonair though Robert Louis Stevenson was during most of his life, he held views on the training of children that, coming from him, seem astonishingly severe. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, his stepson, writing in Scribner's Magazine, describes a conversation that occurred when he and Stevenson, then thirty-two years old and in poor health, were sojourning at Davos in the Swiss Alps.

One conversation I heard him have with a visitor at the chalet, says Mr. Osbourne, impressed me deeply. The visitor was a fussy, officious person, who after many preambles ventured to criticize Stevenson for the way he was bringing me up. R. L. S., who was the most reasonable of men in an argument, and almost over-ready to admit any points against himself, surprised me by his unshaken stand.

"Of course I let him read anything he wants," he said. "And if he hears things you say he shouldn't, I am glad of it. A child should early gain some perception of what the world is really like—its baseness, its treacheries, its thinly veneered brutalities; he should learn to judge people and discount human frailty and weakness and be in some degree prepared and armed for taking his part later in the battle of life. I have no patience with this fairy-tale training that makes ignorance a virtue. That was how I was brought up, and no one will ever know except myself the bitter misery it cost me."

AN INDIAN SHERLOCK HOLMES

IT would be a pity not to preserve the following anecdote, which illustrates that accuracy of observation which is often observed among the red men of the West.

An Indian, on his return to his home one day, found that a piece of venison which he had hung up to dry had been stolen. After taking his observations he set off through the woods in pursuit of the thief. When he had gone a short distance he met some persons, of whom he inquired whether they had seen a "little old white man, carrying a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bobbed tail?"

They had seen such a man, and when the Indian said the man had stolen his venison they asked how he could describe so exactly a man whom he had not seen.

The Indian answered: "I know the thief is a little man, because he used a pile of stone to stand on in order to reach the venison, where it hung. That he is an old man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the forest. He is a white man, for he walks turning out his toes, as an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short by the mark the muzzle made on the bark of a tree against which he leaned it. As for his dog, I can tell that it is small by its tracks, and that its tail is bobbed I discovered by the mark it made in the dust when it sat while his master was taking down the meat."

—The Youth's Companion, June 18, 1829.

THE INDULGENT FATHER

WHILE on a motoring tour in the west of Ireland an American stayed one night at a little inn in County Galway. He was much struck by the splendid physique of his host's five sons and warmly congratulated the father on his family.

The innkeeper beamed proudly. "Sure, sir," he said, "they're fine boys. I've never had to lift me hand to wan of them—except in self-defense."

THE BEST COLLEGE JOKE OF THE WEEK

Irate Customer: Here; look what you did! Laundryman: I can't see anything wrong with that lace.

Irate Customer: Lace? That was a sheet!
—Princeton Tiger



The Telephone and Better Living

PICTURES of pre-telephonic times seem quaint today. In the streets were horses and mud-splashed buggies, but no automobiles and no smooth pavements.

Fifty years ago homes were heated by stoves and lighted by gas or kerosene lamps. There was no domestic steam heating or electric lighting, nor were there electric motors in the home. Not only were there no telephones, but there were no phonographs, no radio and no motion pictures.

The telephone permitted the separation of business office from factory and made possible the effective co-ordination of widespread

activities by a centralized organization. It changed the business habits of the Nation.

The amazing growth of the country in the past fifty years could not have come had not science and invention supplied the farmer, manufacturer, business man and family with many new inventions, great and small, for saving time and labor. During this period of marvelous industrial progress, the telephone had its part. It has established its own usefulness and greatly accelerated the development of the industrial arts which have contributed so much to better living conditions and to the advancement of civilization.

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20th Weekly \$5.00 Award

The Y. C. Lab Model Airplanes



Special Cash Award



Associate Member Schlafer's model bomber



Top view of bomber

Associate Member Wilmer D. Schlafer (16) of 121 North Drew Street, Appleton, Wis., is building this model of an H. S. 2 L bomber. This model has a 7-foot wing spread, 9 square feet wing surface, 8-inch wing chord, and weighs 3 pounds. Schlafer was 2nd mechanic on a ship of this type last summer. He proposes to use a 2-cylinder compressed-air motor in this model, which is too big for our new contest (see below). He bought the casting for his engine from Boncher, Inc., 415 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. (their catalogue costs 25 cents), and did the machining and fitting himself. He is also experimenting with a gas engine and with rubber bands.

Proceedings

Y. C. LAB NO. 1, Wollaston, Mass.

February 20

Most of the day we put in by experimenting in plaster. The Lab looked like a sculptor's studio—especially our plaster-covered snocks. Pounds and pounds of plaster went into the mixing bowl—and thence to every boy's face. We did four faces and only stopped for lack of time. This is very interesting work and everybody liked it.

February 27

Cinderella got all our attention today. We ceased to be sculptors and became automobile body builders. Not only builders but designers. Made a pattern for the big sharp-pointed hood and cut it out of the steel. This steel is very easy to "work" but tough to cut.

March 1

Bolted on the hood with small stove bolts and tiny brackets. Everything went smoothly—and we are proud of the front of our Ford speedster. It is wonderfully sharp at the peak and tapers back so rakishly.

Next we built a temporary dash upon which we will form our cowl.

March 2

Cut out the steel cowl for Cinderella, after arduously making a paper pattern. We tried it first without a form at the rear, and that didn't work at all. So we built a temporary rear dash—that is, a wooden form some 17 inches behind the regular dash—which carried out the stream line effect. After dabbing everything and everybody with glue we got a pattern out of roofing paper which looked all right.

March 3

Finished work on the cowl. Laid it on and started securing it with brads. Had to drill holes first for brads. Cinderella exerts a bit of magic for us once in a while. In a few hours we stopped standing on our ears and necks—and presto there it was. The finest, speediest lines you ever saw. The temporary dash was pulled out and there was our cowl.

HARRY LIVING SHUMWAY
Counselor, Y. C. Lab.

Memberships

To join the Y. C. Lab as an Associate Member, first use the coupon below. If elected, you will enjoy the scientific and financial advantages of the Society. You will be entitled to compete for its Weekly, Quarterly, Special and Annual Cash Awards; and you may ask any question concerning engineering, mechanics, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth, for reply free by mail. To all others, not in the Y. C. Lab Society, a fee of 25 cents to \$5 is charged per question, depending on the amount of research necessary to answer it.

The Director, Y. C. Lab

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Address



FIG. 1



FIG. 2

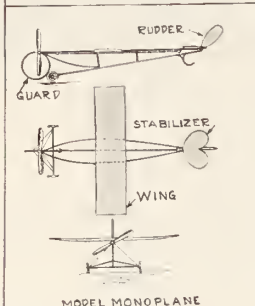


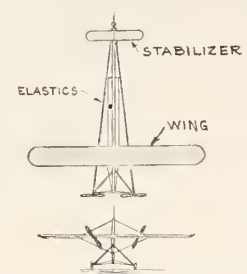
FIG. 3



WING



SUCTION AND PRESSURE FORCES PLOTTED ON A WING CONTOUR



TWIN PROPELLER MONOPLANE

FIG. 4

Associate Member Thomas E. Bissell (15) of Terryville, Conn., made this crystal receiving set, inside a watch case. He won first prize with it at a fair last year and now wins another cash award from us. "I am intensely interested in all types of aerial navigation," he writes. Well, Thomas, get into the great competition announced on this page.

FIG. 5

loading should not be over eight ounces per square foot.

The faster the plane flies, the greater will be the lifting capacity of the wings. Speed also increases stability, but a slow model with good stability will probably fly farther than a similar high-speed plane.

Success in a model, like success in life, consists in a skillful combination of the essential elements in the best proportions. One of the big problems, lies in keeping down the weight.

MATERIALS

Always bearing in mind the necessity for combining strength and lightness, we select our materials with great care. Bamboo, steel umbrella ribs, silk, spruce and ash have been very popular. One ingenious builder used porcupine quills with great success, as they are conspicuously light for their strength.

FUSELAGE

The body, or fuselage, of the model should be designed so that the tension members are a maximum and the compression members a minimum in number. A very light steel wire will sustain a considerable load in tension, but nothing in compression. Here again we must balance weight against resistance, for although wires are light they produce eddy currents in the air which absorb power.

WINGS

When the Wright brothers were working on their first machine, just down the street from where I was swinging on a gate post in Oberlin, Ohio, scientists believed that the under side of the wing rested on the air and thus supported the plane. Now we know that roughly 80% of the lifting force is produced by suction on the top of the wing and only one-fifth of the support by pressure on the under side. The cross-sectional shape of the wings is thus of great importance, and particular care should be given to the upper surface.

Monoplanes are usually the more efficient type (Fig. 2), yet biplanes have their advantage. With the latter, make the gap or distance between wings equal to the chord or width of the wings.

MOTIVE POWER

Various means of propelling model airplanes have been experimented with. In 1893 Professor Langley built a successful steam-driven model. Wire-wound tanks pumped up to perhaps 120 pounds per square inch with a bicycle pump, and driving a small compressed-air motor have been used. Such a model won the first power-driven meet held in England. At one time a carbon dioxide motor costing \$15 was on the market for this purpose. Diminutive gasoline engines have been manufactured. Steel springs, perhaps from the family alarm clock, have been tried. To date nothing has been as satisfactory as the long rubber bands, wound up with some kind of egg-beater arrangement. These will turn the propeller at 600 R. P. M. with no appreciable decrease in speed for 80% of the light. The propeller then begins to slow down, and a well-designed plane glides easily to the ground.

Only absolutely fresh rubber capable of stretching eight times its original length should be used. A few large strands are better than many small ones of equal weight, but adding half again as much rubber will double the motive power. The longer the elastics, the more power they can deliver. This is the reason that the length of the tail in model

(Continued on page 207)

Notes on Building Model Airplanes

By F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN

F. Alexander Magoun
Counselor, Y. C. Lab

WHENEVER a scientist finds himself confronted with a problem which for one reason or another does not yield to mathematical treatment, he makes a model and tries it out. For instance, the horsepower required to drive a great battleship is best determined by measuring the resistance of a small model towed at the desired speed.

The same thing is true of airplanes. Practically everything which has ever been done by a full-sized plane was accomplished beforehand with a small model. Professor Langley's machine, the first man-carrying plane to fly, was built entirely from results he arrived at from experimenting with models. Flying upside down, the spiral nose dive and the loop-the-loop were all performed, quite unintentionally, it is true, with models before any pilot undertook stunt flying.

Model airplane building is probably the cheapest form of sport of a real scientific character. It will fire the imagination and exercise the ingenuity of any wide-awake boy. All the technical knowledge of an experienced designer as well as the light touch of a first-class mechanic can be employed in solving the problems of strength, weight, stability and motive power. And yet with only ordinary tools, no special knowledge and careful work you can make a plane that will actually fly.

Imagine the thrill of seeing your machine

rise from the ground under its own power for the first time! The child of your brain actually soaring through the air and doing a more difficult thing than is required of any full-sized machine, surviving the gusts and air pockets it encounters without the aid of any directing intelligence!

Not only that. You can easily accomplish results undreamed of by the world's best scientists of half a century ago. In 1871 Pénau, who was the first to introduce long rubber bands for motive power, built a model (Fig. 1) which remained in flight for thirteen seconds. With the same motive power, models are now capable of remaining continuously in the air for minutes at a time and have flown at speeds of thirty miles an hour.

If you want to accomplish something that will combine fun and education without requiring much cash, then build a model airplane.

AÉRODYNAMICS

Since the model has literally to lift itself, there must not be too much weight for the area of the wings. To obtain a proper ratio between area and weight is one of the first problems of the designer. The more power, the more weight; the more weight, the more wing area necessary; the more wing area, the more resistance; the more resistance, the more power needed. In general the wing

Y. C. Lab Airplane Contest Announcement

For the boy sixteen years of age or less who designs, builds and operates the model airplane making the longest non-stop flight at the Y. C. Lab Airplane Meet to be held in Boston on October 2, 1926. Prof. E. P. Warner, head of the course in aeronautical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a member of the aerodynamic sub-committee of the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, offers a \$25 loving cup.

For the boy, living at too great a distance to enter this meet, who designs and sends to the Director, Y. C. Lab, the model airplane showing the best workmanship, balance, design and originality in the opinion of the Director of the Y. C. Lab and of Professor Warner. The Youth's Companion offers another \$25 loving cup.

All planes received by the Director, together with the best planes entered in the meet, will be on exhibition at The Youth's Companion office.

CONDITIONS

- (1) No contestant can be over seventeen years of age on October 2, 1926. Any Member, Associate Member or Applicant may compete.
- (2) All entries must be original work. This does not prevent the contestant from receiving advice.
- (3) Entries may be tractor or pusher type, monoplane or biplane, but in no case shall the wing spread exceed 36 inches.
- (4) Any number of propellers may be used.
- (5) The model must be capable of rising from the ground under its own power without initial impulse from exterior sources of any kind.



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(Continued from page 296)
airplanes is greater than the wing span, a condition exactly the reverse of that in full-sized planes.

The strands of rubber should never be passed around a bare metal hook, as it will wear them out. The rubber motor works best when lubricated, but anything like oil or vaseline will rot the rubber. Mr. V. E. Johnson, who has had a long experience with model airplanes, recommends the following lubricant: Mix six ounces of water, two ounces of glycerine, one ounce of soft soap and half an ounce of washing soda. This should be boiled for some time and allowed to cool before being placed in a well-corked bottle for a day or so. Always shake well before using. Do not filter or strain the lubricant. Apply with a stiff brush or the fingers.

PROPELLERS

Without a well-designed propeller even the best engine will produce poor results. Wood propellers can be carved to the best form, but they are easily broken. Very satisfactory results can be achieved by gluing a hub on to a piece of veneer that has been steamed and bent to shape.

The propeller shaft should pass through the center of gravity of the machine, and if twin propellers are used they should revolve in opposite directions. For this we used a right handed and a left-handed propeller. It is less work to build a plane with only one propeller, but the twin arrangement gives better results in flight.

FITTINGS

In order to "take off" under its own power a model has to run along the ground until sufficient speed has been attained to cause the wings to lift it. This requires small, smooth-running wheels on the underbody.

Without a vertical fin, or rudder, and a horizontal fin, or elevator, the plane would possess insufficient stability and flight would be erratic if possible at all. The fins should be about the center of gravity and be designed that the rudder and fin will be about five per cent and the elevator and stabilizer about ten per cent of the wing area.

To keep resistance low, use a stream line form for struts and fittings. (Fig. 3.)

OPERATION

When your plane is complete and ready for trial, select your flying field with great discretion. Just because it rains on Saturday, don't try to make flying an indoor sport! There is no pleasure in discovering that the plane will actually "take off" from the piano, only to have the propeller make a few hundred frustrated revolutions in the blue sky of mother's best oil painting. Artificial skies don't appreciate propellers.

A tree and the side of a house are unreasonable, stubborn obstacles in the path of any plane—model or full-size. Get out into the "great open spaces." Wind your motor up only part way the first time she takes off and launch the child of your brain into the wind—never across it. As you gain experience you can wind the motor up to full power and try all the stunts there are by adjusting the rudder and elevator. You may even discover something new.

Note by the Director, Y. C. Lab—No airplane models are to be submitted before September 15, 1926. Full instructions will be published at that time. Meanwhile, study the subject carefully; a list of helpful books and further notes by Councilor Magonn will be presented in an early issue.

The Best Trick of the Week—No. 6

The Balanced Tumbler

A very entertaining dinner-table trick is the balancing of a tumbler, so that it stays in position at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The secret assistant which you must employ is a match-stick, previously hidden beneath the table-cloth. Set the tumbler so that its bottom edge presses against the concealed match-stick, and you can accomplish the difficult balance.

But suppose some one decides to lift the table-cloth, to see if anything is beneath? If he does so, he will find nothing! For your match has a thin thread attached to it, and the moment you have finished the trick you pull the thread from the edge of the table, and thus secretly remove all evidence.

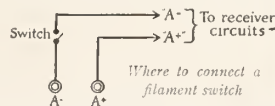
RADIO Choosing Rheostats

THE particular type of rheostat which is best suited for use in a given receiver depends upon the number and type of tubes used and the voltage of the filament-supply battery. A rheostat which is of service in connection with a single tube may not be suitable for use in controlling three tubes.

A filament rheostat is simply an adjustable resistance which is used to control the current flowing through the filament of the vacuum tube. Some rheostats are made so that when the control is turned back as far as possible the filament circuit is broken, and no current will flow. With such rheostats it is not necessary to have a filament switch, provided that the rheostat controls are all turned to the "off" position whenever the receiving set is out of use. It is convenient to have a switch for the filament current.

With certain makes of rheostats it is impossible to break completely the filament circuit by turning the rheostat control. In such cases it is necessary to have a filament switch, or else to disconnect one of the filament battery wires, to prevent unnecessary drain on the "A" battery when the receiver is not being used. A careful inspection of the rheostat will generally tell whether or not it will break the circuit when turned to the "off" position. If the arm of the rheostat can be moved so that it leaves the resistance winding entirely and rests only upon insulating materials, the filament circuit will be broken when the arm is placed in this position. If the arm rests on the resistance winding, no matter what its position, then the circuit cannot be broken with the rheostat, and some other provision must be made to prevent the running down of the "A" battery when the receiver is not in use.

Where it is possible, it is always best to choose such a rheostat as will permit the circuit to be broken, as then the use of a filament switch is simply a matter of convenience. When a filament switch is used, it should be placed in the circuit in such a manner that when it is opened there is no possibility of current flowing through one part of the receiver, even though the circuit is broken for some other part. The best position is usually in the negative "A" lead; that is, a wire is connected from the A—post



to one terminal of the switch. The A+ post and the remaining terminal of the switch should then be considered as the "A" terminals when it comes to wiring up the remainder of the circuit.

Some of the most popular tubes with their filament ratings are listed below:

Type of tube	Filament current	Filament voltage
UV-199	0.060 ampere	3.0 volts
C-299		
UV-200	1.0 "	5.1 "
C-300		
UV-201-A	0.25 "	5.0 "
C-301-A		
WD-11, WD-12	0.25 "	1.1 "

The correct size of the rheostat may be estimated as follows: Divide the figure that represents the difference between the battery voltage and the filament voltage by the figure that represents the normal filament current of the tube. Here is the formula:

$$R = \frac{V_b - V_f}{I_f}$$

Working this out for the UV-199 tube, we find the resistance to be

$$\frac{6.0 - 3.0}{0.06} = 50 \text{ ohms}$$

Now this represents the minimum, or least, resistance which the rheostat should have. To allow for slightly greater battery voltages, and also to permit the tube to be burned with the filament at lower temperatures, which greatly increases the life of the tube, the resistance should be at least twenty per cent greater, or 60 ohms.

Rheostats are commonly available in the following resistance for receiving tubes: 2, 7, 15, 20, 50 and 60 ohms.

JAMES K. CLAPP.

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You Graphologists!

By PRINGLE BARRET

The first step in the study of graphology, the science of reading character by handwriting, is to learn to look at the writing itself: its various strokes, curves, slant, proportion, and so forth, and not even to take in what the words say.

The next thing is to learn these few fundamental principles, and there you are! Begin trying them out on your friends and see what happens. By experimenting with the handwriting of the people you know, you will soon learn how much importance to attach to each principle in relation to the other principles and to the general style of a given writing.

A FEW WORDS OF WARNING

Remember that it is perfectly possible to make a mistake. Remember that you are analyzing handwriting, not proving the statements of this article. While it is essential to know these rules, it is even more essential to remember to use them only as a foundation on which to build a deeper knowledge of human nature and the complexities of human being. If what you think you see in a person's handwriting does not conform to what you *know* to be true of that person, try to understand where you have made your mistake and adjust your graphological point of view accordingly. Graphology may be compared to a very sensitive microscope that must be freshly adjusted for each object to which it is directed. If it is not properly adjusted, the result will be only a blur. If it is properly adjusted, even the most minute differentiations and delicate shades of meaning will be clear and unmistakable. Handwriting will always tell you the truth if you have the ability to read it.

SOMETHING RATHER NICE

Easily within your grasp, graphology will take you along the road to social success and fame much more speedily than all the "what's wrong with this picture" books in the world. And it's much simpler. And less expensive. All you need is a little memory, a little more common sense and a goodly portion of human sympathy.

TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS

One of the most important things to notice in a specimen of handwriting is the slant. If it slants normally to the right, it denotes a person who is normally affectionate; one who is inclined to be ruled by her sympathies rather than her intelligence and judgment. If the writing is spontaneous and natural, the person who wrote it will have these characteristics too and will have nothing to conceal from the critical and often cruel eyes of the world.

Normally affectionate handwriting

** Lily and who.
bumping up of
household - I
missings Lit
back at goinf*

If writing slants abnormally far to the right,—sixty degrees or more,—it denotes a person who is apt to be very sensitive and to believe that people are against her rather than indifferent to her for the most part.

The writing of a supersensitive person

*surely he did not.
so indefinite. Th
through such as a
sometimes in av.*

Vertical writing, on the other hand, means that a person is ruled by her head rather than her heart. There is an exception to this rule, because librarians and bookkeepers of various kinds are sometimes bound to write

Below are some interesting signatures of famous men and women from letters they have written to us. When you have read the article, why don't you come back to these signatures and study them and discover for yourself the tenacity of Glenna Collett, the power of concentration of Robert Frost, the gentleness of Katharine Lee Bates? You will find it extremely interesting.

*Faithfully yours,
Grace S. Richmond*

GRACE S. RICHMOND
Novelist

Katharine Lee Bates

KATHARINE LEE BATES
Professor, poet

Maud B. Booth

MAUD B. BOOTH
Social worker

*yours sincerely
Irving Bacheller*

IRVING BACHELLER
Novelist

Faithfully yours,

Hudson Maxim

HUDSON MAXIM
Inventor

*Sincerely yours,
Robert Frost*

ROBERT FROST
Poet

*Sincerely
Glenna Collett*

GLENNA COLLETT
Golf champion

*Sincerely
Ben Friedman*

BEN FRIEDMAN
Quarterback

*Sincerely yours
Kathleen Norris*

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Novelist

*Very sincerely yours
William S. Sims*

WILLIAM S. SIMS
Admiral, U. S. N.

Myron T. Herrick

MYRON T. HERRICK
Ambassador to France

Ernest Harold Baynes

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES
Naturalist

Agnes Repplier

AGNES REPLIER
Essayist

vertically. These people, however, will generally revert to their natural handwriting outside their work and will continue to write vertically only when it suits them.

Handwriting of a person whose head rules her heart

*idea would never enter
am perfectly certain -
has not always been -
the majority of people
has always acted so.*

Handwriting that slants to the left speaks a cold, indifferent and sometimes calculating nature. Such people are inclined to do what is advantageous to them without regard for the feelings of others. Some graphologists believe that these people are invariably insincere, but I have not found this consistently true.

Often you will find people who write in consistently. Sometimes their handwriting slants to the right, sometimes to the left, sometimes straight up and down. They will often say, "Oh, I never write twice the same way." Differences in slant in one handwriting mean inconsistency. Such people will seem to be your bosom friend one day and scarcely speak to you the next. Be careful not to confuse inconsistency with insincerity.

Inconsistency

Mr. & Mrs. G. S. Fitz

One of the other very important things to notice in a specimen of handwriting is the slope of the writing, commonly called the base line.

If writing shows a tendency to run uphill, it denotes general cheerfulness and optimism, habitual good spirits and sometimes ambition. It is interesting to note that often passing moods are registered in a person's handwriting. For instance, if you normally write along a straight line, and you suddenly receive a gift of a million dollars, you would undoubtedly write someone about it in writing that slanted uphill to a marked degree. But the chances are that you would indorse the check along a perfectly straight line. That is because signatures are seldom affected by temporary changes in mood. Signatures are fundamental and unerring and, yes, terrifying. But they will be taken up later all by themselves.

Cheerful, optimistic writing

*the Companion
in Arlington St.
Boston, Mass.*

Straight base lines generally mean a steady-going, dependable person. People who write like this are inclined to be phlegmatic rather than temperamental.

Steady-going sort of person

*think this is the
tenuous business -
yet heard how the
out but I do hope*

Writing that slopes downhill denotes a despondent, discouraged person or some one in rather bad health. It is said that suicide notes show a strong tendency to slope to the

lower right-hand corner of the page. And I have myself seen examination papers that unmistakably showed students with the gloomiest of prospects.

Despondency

*a thoroughly mysterious
heard has the game e
that over there were si*

Some people write on an up and down base line. They are apt to be moody - up in the air one minute and down in the dumps the next. Score cards at football games might show this tendency to a marked degree.

Moody

*an space the line
I you be willing to
it sent to face
to me? Due to*

Some people begin each word on a straight line but wander up or down before they get to the end. This denotes optimism or pessimism, as the case may be, plus the attempt to curb it.

Next we take up the size of the writing on our specimen. Very large writing tends to denote a magnificent, broad-minded person; extremely large shows a tendency to be ceremonious; medium large shows interest in large affairs. A medium-sized handwriting shows a clear, neat, orderly and generally unassuming person, if other signs agree. Small writing shows attention to detail, observing, critical, capable of concentration.

After size, the next thing we come to consider is spacing. If writing is spaced far apart so that there are unnecessary distances between the words, the person will be generous, liberal and occasionally superficial. If the spacing is medium, it shows common sense in the expenditure of money. But if the writing is extremely close together with short choppy terminals, it denotes economy to the point of miserliness. Economical people do not take any unnecessary strokes with the pen, and their writing looks cramped. They also fill the page with writing and leave very narrow margins.

Connections come next, and they are very important. If words are joined together, it means that the writer has a logical mind and is apt to reason about things rather than to jump to conclusions intuitively. He has a good deal of managing ability also. Many executives join their words together. If only a few of the words are joined together and the rest of them are left separated it means that the writer has good reasoning ability and sometimes constructive power.

Reason and constructive power

*no & didn't it
ation & my more
it would*

When there are spaces left between the letters in a word, it bespeaks intuition and quick penetration. This is a valuable characteristic and is generally found in the writing of artists. Often it is combined with logic, as in the case of lawyers and physicians.

Intuition and quick penetration

*only a few of the words
of together and the rest
are left separated it
that the writer*

Then we come to capitals. There is so much to say about the graphological meaning of capitals that I do not know what to tell you and what to leave out. Capitals Very well made and simple ones denote culture and refinement. Extremely low ones mean lack of independence, sometimes a fawning nature. Enlarged small letters used as capitals indicate modesty and simplicity. Capitals that look like printed letters surely bespeak

artistic instinct and often ability. Original-looking capitals generally mean eccentricity. There are a good many people who make capitals in any number of different ways. They are the versatile ones and are apt to be original and enthusiastic and lively. When capitals are almost the same size as the little letters, they denote a person who is modest and often one who has critical ability. If people use capitals where they should use little letters, it means that they are vain and supercilious.

The next thing to look for in a specimen of handwriting is the way finals are made. Little do we realize when we lift our pen at the end of a word that we have just said "I am kind" or "economical" or "fond of the mysterious." But that is true. If finals are well rounded and incline to turn up, they tell of a generous and kindly nature, courteous and sometimes benevolent, depending on the strength of the sign. If finals ascend vertically or nearly so, the writer is very fond of the marvelous, mysterious. It does not necessarily mean religious, but as a fact many religious fanatics do write this way. Sharp, straight finals where there should be a loop like y and g indicate will power and strength and resistance and independence. Such people are not easily swayed by others, and sometimes they are extremely stubborn. When finals appear to be chopped off, they mean economy, and sometimes avaricious, depending on other signs. Finals that turn inward toward the word are said to mean selfishness, lack of consideration for others and sometimes arrogance.

Generous impulses

Independent

high

You

Punctuation has its place in handwriting just as much as anything else, and it is here that we look for carefulness and prudence.

If a specimen of writing shows Punctuation very careful punctuation it is safe to say that the person who wrote the specimen is a painstaking, orderly person. If the punctuation is careless and left out altogether in some places, it means a careless person and one who may be inclined toward superficiality. Whenever dashes are substituted for punctuation marks they bespeak a cautious, prudent person. If they are used at the end of sentences in addition to periods, they signify a person who is continually on the lookout, perhaps a too suspicious person.

A very cautious writing

*i morning - I been
interested - I am
them all -
was disappointed &
on Saturday - Affly*

Next on the list is thickness. When you press down on the pen very hard, you are undoubtedly telling certain things about your character. And when you don't press hard enough, too. All these things go into the graphologist's account of your personality and character. Very fine writing denotes a spiritual and gentle nature. Even pressure writing generally means energy, progress and capacity for work. This is true in general, but it is not an infallible rule.

Very gentle nature

*Mrs. & Mrs. Greene
Barlow*

Now that you can all read handwriting, why don't you get an autograph album and persuade your friends to tell you their inmost secrets by writing in it for you.

And by the way, there's more of this to come very soon. So watch for the rest of it. And in the meantime, what do you see in this signature?

Hayes Grey

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The Girls at Camp Andrée

By ALICE MARY KIMBALL

"I 'M not like other girls, I'm afraid," said my young friend, Sally Moore, dolefully; "mother's trying to get me to go to camp again this summer, and I just can't bear it."

"Why, Sally, how queer!" I exclaimed, my eyes big with surprise.

"Of course," replied Sally, "but crowds of babbling campers spoil the country. The country means to me—well, quietness and peace; the chance to get away from honking automobiles and rackety street cars and rushing around to engagements. But at camp I was never still. There were a hundred girls together. We ate in a big, noisy mess tent and went everywhere in big groups."

"No more camping for me," said Sally, setting her square little chin firmly.

Well, Sally has changed her mind. She has found a camp she really loves and is crazy to go back to year after year.

She spent last summer at Camp Andrée Clark in Westchester County, New York. In Camp Andrée, the girls live in small, intimate families, not in large masses. Each "family" is out of sight and hearing of other human beings. It has a wide space of country surrounding its little encampment—country dotted with flowers, gay with bird trills, sweet with fern smells, alternating yellow sunshine patches with dim shade. Alluring winding paths climb up hill and slide down, leading to tents concealed among stiff, dark cedars and graceful, ladylike birches.

Camp Andrée Clark is run by the national organization of the Girl Scouts. It is an experiment station camp where new and exciting ideas of camping are being worked out. Every girl at Andrée is something more than a camper out for a summer of fun. She is a pioneer, doing things in camping that have never been done before, cooperating in the task of working out new and better ways of living out of doors.

When Sally rode into Andrée on the camp bus, she thought at first she must be in the wrong place. There was no tent colony, no shouting voices. The bus drew up to a quaint old farmhouse set in low-lying hills. A brook babbled, buttercups twinkled in the sunlight, a brown thrush sang. Here was country—and peace—and stillness: the real thing!

A girl of about Sally's age welcomed her at the camp store and took her up a hillside path to a camp in the woods. Sally was introduced to the members of her camp family: eight Girl Scouts, clad in middie blouse and bloomers, and each one looking more healthy than the other.

WHAT a wee camp it was! There were two big tents for the girls, a little tent for the camp counselor, and a charming out-of-door kitchen! The stove was made of native stone and mortar, with a canvas fly over it for rainy weather. Brooms, brushes, dustpans, cooking implements were hung on the sides of the big trees or stowed away ingeniously in the crochets of branches. The girls escorted her to the "cache," a hole dug in the ground and lined with concrete, in which perishables were stored. There was a concrete dining-table under big trees, and all around leaf-smells and grass-smells, a d earth-smells, the murmur of leaves, the trills of orioles and song sparrows.

Scattered about the hundred and forty-four acres of the Andrée farm there were, Sally learned, several similar camps, each containing a family of eight, called, in Girl Scout language, a patrol, and a camp counselor. Each camp had a poetic name. There was Trail's End, Tip-Top, the Cedars, Black Birch, the Lookout, Fairy Ring, Hillside. Sally's camp was named Gypsy Rest.

The camp counselor, Miss Willing (called Al, for short) was a jolly, big-sisterly girl, aged—well, not more than twenty-one, surely. She wasn't a boss or a chaperone, but she was there, and, being older and more experienced, she was naturally consulted about things. The girls at Gypsy Rest often needed to talk with an older girl, Sally found out later, for they had a big responsibility on their hands. They ran the camp—yes, all of it, from chopping the wood and getting the meals to polishing the lanterns and shopping at the camp store. Every day two girls cooked, two washed dishes, two shopped at the market and fetched the milk, two acted as sanitary officers and cleaned up the camp.

When Sally came to camp, she had exchanged her real money for camp money, as



Alluring, winding paths climb up hill and down, leading to tents

Swimming and diving in the beautiful mirror lake at Camp Andrée

The Camp Andrée dinner bell has a very delightful sound

At the camp market Sally bought supplies with camp money



WANT TO GO TO CAMP?

Aren't camps delightful! Are you going this summer? Let me make some suggestions about camps and camping—a good choice is so very important, and means so much more fun. Write

all the girls did. With this camp money she bought vegetables, butter, milk and eggs at the camp store when her turn for shopping came. She had never marketed before, and she had never dreamed of planning meals, but now, with the help of the camp dietitian and the camp counselor, she plunged boldly in.

The family voted on everything: what they should do for the day, how

they should fix up the camp, who should do this and that piece of work. The leader of the patrol was elected by the votes of the others. The leaders of all the patrols scattered over the hills formed the Court of Honor, an assembly which was the governing body of the camp. That's Andrée: a camp of girls, bossed by girls, taken care of by girls, enjoyed by girls. Every girl is a citizen with a voice and a vote.

Once, Sally told me, her patrol had voted to spend all their free time the next day making costumes for a play which was to be given in the beautiful natural theatre which all the girls love. But the day dawned cool and sparkling, and the lake was a sheet of sapphire. Sally spoke up and said, "Let's change our minds, girls. It's a shame to waste a day like this sewing. It's ideal for hiking. I've just got to have the feel of a road under my feet."

The ayes had it, and hike it was.

A LARGE part of Andrée's success, Sally believes, comes from the type of girls who go there; girls both self-dependent and cooperative, cheerful, energetic, and able to work and play with vim. No girl can get in because her father has money or because she goes in a certain set; she is chosen be-

to me about equipment—tents, clothes, things to cook with and all the rest of it. How many will be in your camp and how long do you plan to stay?

Hazel Gypsy.

cause of her practical achievements and her personality.

Only Girl Scouts of the second class, fourteen years old and over, are eligible for membership.

Girls who go to Andrée have to make their preparation beforehand, but this preparation is not gathering smart sport clothes or cramming book-learning. The requisites for Andrée are health, a habit of happiness, a positive attitude toward life, thoughtfulness toward others, and a real love and appreciation of the out-of-doors. A girl must show that she has these fundamentals.

NO fuss about clothes interferes with good times at Andrée. A girl wears her Scout uniform for traveling and brings bloomers and middies to wear in camp. Each one has also a poncho or raincoat, a sweater, a coat, a bathing suit, two pajamas, or flannel nightgowns, two pairs of shoes, three pairs of stockings and six handkerchiefs. She brings likewise blankets to supplement those provided, bath and face towels, wash cloths, laundry bag, toilet articles, a Scout knife, sewing kit, notebook and pencil, flashlight, compass, favorite book and musical instrument, if convenient. Because the girls do the work, the cost of board is low—only \$10 a week.

Days in camp go racing from reveille to lights-out. When the buglers call melodiously at 6.30 everyone tumbles out of bed, for breakfast must be got and the camp made ready for general inspection. A camper in bed would be one of those "grave mistakes" which count off from a camp's record. The cooks and fire-lighters get to work immediately, and at 7.30 all except the cooks

gather round the flagstaff for the simple and impressive ceremony of colors. The wood-gatherers go for the morning milk, and then comes breakfast. The table-setters and dish-washers perform their domestic feats. The sanitary officers tidy up the grounds.

Clubs begin at 10.30. A girl can take her choice of such activities as nature study, life-saving, first aid, map-making, woodcraft, folk dancing, story-telling. Swimming is at 12, luncheon at 12.30. The Court of Honor meets at 1.15, and Rest Hour comes at 2, followed by Hobby Hour. For two hours in the afternoon a girl can do anything she chooses—lie in the hammock by the lake, read, write letters, talk with her chum, or simply lie in the sun, feeling the peace and the stillness. Swimming comes again at 4 and supper at 6.

The Council Ring is the scene of good times on pleasant evenings, when the girls take part in stories, songs, dances, travel talks and readings. The encampments take turns in furnishing entertainment in the natural out-of-door theatre, where the stage is a great grey rock, and the footlights lanterns which will later light the audience home to bed. One-act plays, charades, musical shows and pageants are given with costumes made of gaily dyed cheesecloths, gold paper, and Indian blankets.

SUNDAY night the girls have Scouts' Own, held in the woodland clearing on the hillside known as the Cathedral. Here they show that a truly serious meeting can be made absorbingly interesting. One of the stories which the girls like best to tell and hear is how Camp Andrée came to be. It was given to the national organization of the Girl Scouts by the late ex-Senator and Mrs. William A. Clark in memory of their daughter, Andrée, a Girl Scout who died when she was just sixteen. Andrée was born in Paris and grew up in France. After she became a Girl Scout in America, her greatest ambition was to carry Girl Scouting back to the French girls. She did not realize her dream. She died more than a year after she joined her troop, very suddenly, at her father's camp in Maine. After her death her parents found in her diary long accounts of Girl Scout meetings, with comments on the laws and the promise, and one passage saying that Girl Scouting had changed her whole outlook on life. For this reason her parents felt that there could be no better memorial to their daughter than a camp where girls could develop their personalities through work and play and where experiments might be made in camping for girls. And every year since Camp Andrée was built Girl Scouts have flocked there, doing what Andrée Clark loved to do.

Overnight hikes to Campfire Lake or to some other lovely spot are a favorite diversion of the Andrée campers. "We made our beds as soon as we arrived at the wild, rock-shored lake," wrote Sally to her family. "I was glad to drop my blankets and make my bed in a natural hollow in the ground. We swam after we had finished bed-making. Cooks were out to get supper—and what a supper! I helped to get it. (I'm getting so much practice in cooking for my camp family of nine that I can get meals when I come home for my own family—dead easy.)"

Rain has no power to douse good spirits at Andrée. Girls do not get blue and want to go home when rain patters on the tent roof in the morning. They get into their raincoats, rain hats and rubber boots or overshoes and go about the day's fun almost as if the sun were shining. They eat in one of the tents instead of under the dripping trees, and they desert the Council Ring for the big room in the central building. But they prove conclusively that they are neither sugar nor salt. Rainy days are particularly designed for dress-up parties, charades, pantomimes, folk dances, marshmallow roasts, shadow plays and other stunts. Sally says that, even though it rains down cats and dogs (or violets and daffodils, if you prefer), the girls still sing good-night with their favorite song:

The day is done;
Gone the sun—
From the lakes,
From the hills,
From the sky.
All is well;
Safely rest—
God is nigh.



The nature museum at Camp Andrée

A Money-Making Hint

AN INCOME FROM CANARIES—If you have your own old "Dicky" and he is a good singer, you are already started in business; but do not try to make him the father of the flock. Let him sing away in his own cage. He will be very useful as schoolmaster while the father birds are busy raising their families.

Buy a young male, not over two years or under one year old, from a reliable dealer. Choose a slim bird with good song, glossy plumage and a bright eye. Watch him for a while and look carefully at his feet. He should be lively and full of pep. Choose the female by the same tests.

Keep all new birds in quarantine for a week or so and test for mites with a white cloth spread over the cage at night. In the morning, if small black or red specks appear on the cloth, scald it before using again. In the evening dust the bird under the wings and back of the head with insect powder.

You Begin to See Profit

One season ought to pay for cages and original stock, and then you should begin to see profit. If you keep one or two of your young males, you can buy females of different stock and enlarge your business at slight expense. If you live near a large city, you may be able to buy at a bargain in the off season—June to October; but you must be a judge of stock and willing to risk carrying the birds through the moult. A high-grade male may cost from ten to twelve dollars, females from one to three. Birds raised in this country are good if they are not too many generations from the imported bird.

Search for Cages

As to cages: your friends' attics and a second-hand store often disclose usable articles, which must always be thoroughly scalded and scoured, and any veridigs must be carefully removed. The painted wire breeding cage with centre slides is a good one. If the mother bird begins to pull the feathers of the babies after they are out of the nest, separate them with the open slide and she will feed them through the bars. When a new couple are placed in the cage it is also well to use the open slide until they make friends. When the male begins to feed the female you can remove it. After a little bickering they usually settle down; and when the female begins to tear paper and be interested in bits of string put in the nest. The commercial nest, usually of wire, should be padded inside with cotton batting, then lined with outing flannel. Use short stitches lest the little claws catch. Then give her pieces of string and raveling, an inch or two long, and she will fill in the centre.

The first egg may be laid in from ten days to a month. Remove each egg when laid with a short-handled spoon; keep it in cotton in a cool place and return it to the nest when the fourth egg is laid. Eggs should hatch on the fourteenth day, but do not remove unbatched eggs until the eighteenth day.

Feed Birds Regularly

Birds should have egg food regularly, in addition to seed, from the time they are mated; also green food in moderation. The egg should be hard boiled—forty minutes—and grated. Add one tablespoon of unsalted cracker crumbs and as much cayenne pepper as will go on the tip of a knife. Do not give egg to the mother while she is incubating. There should always be plenty of cuttle bone and clean gravel in the breeding cage. Give only the unmixed yolk of an egg for a day or two while the babies are hatching—then resume the ordinary egg food; but give no green food until the babies are two weeks old. Use two parts of canary seed to one part of rape.

The young males may begin to twitter at from four to five weeks and should then be put in separate cages, where they can hear but not see the schoolmaster. Bird whistling records on the victrola will encourage song.

Young birds should have egg food regularly for three months and occasionally thereafter. During their first moulting give

NOTE—The writer of this article is an interested amateur canary raiser and has had a good deal of success. We asked her to send us a little tabulated statement of what her expenses were, what the birds sold for, and what she was able to clear on the transaction during the first year or two.

Here is the statement. If any of you are interested in raising canaries, we believe it will be a great help to you—and if you are a canary raiser already, you will be interested in comparing notes.

"Our business is on a very small scale," said the writer, "owing to our limited space; but I will give you as closely as possible the details of our first and second year. Of course the profits could be very much increased by going into the business on a little larger scale—holding over more young birds for mating—and also by mating the birds to the limit of their ability each season. The professional dealers do this, but we become too much attached to the hard-working little mothers."

FIRST SEASON

Expenses	
1 young male canary.....	\$10.00
2 females @ \$2.50.....	5.00
1 breeding cage.....	6.00
1 breeding cage, second-hand.....	3.00
6 single cages, secondhand.....	10.00
	\$34.00

Cleared on sale of young birds.....	\$45.00
Expenses.....	34.00
Profit.....	\$11.00

Stock on hand at end of season—	
2 young males (lost father bird).....	\$20.00
2 females.....	5.00
Cages.....	19.00
Profit and stock.....	\$55.00

SECOND SEASON

Expenses	
2 females.....	\$5.00
Seed, sand and cuttle bone.....	3.50
Eggs.....	6.50
Advertising.....	5.00
	\$20.00
Stock on hand—	
Parent birds.....	\$30.00
1 young male.....	10.00
2 young females.....	4.00
Cages.....	19.00
	\$63.00

	Sold
6 baby singers @ \$6.00.....	\$36.00
2 young singers @ \$7.00.....	14.00
4 young singers (in full song) @ \$10.00.....	40.00
4 young females.....	8.00
	\$98.00
Expenses.....	20.00
Profit.....	\$78.00
Stock on hand.....	63.00
	\$141.00

them egg food with plenty of red pepper, and add a few linseeds to the seed supply to make the feathers glossy.

If you are in an inaccessible location, you may have to dispose of some of your birds through a middleman. If you have a friend with a tea room or a gift shop or a small millinery or hairdressing establishment, why not let her sell your birds on commission, keeping one good singer in an attractive cage as a sample? And if you know some one interested in basketry, suggest that he specialize in willow cages and cooperate with you.

Harold Gray

TRY THIS A Spool Holder and A Needle Book

THIS holder will be found very useful in the home as well as compact enough to be tucked away in the suitcase or trunk. It will hold six spools, two of which should be of black silk, both fine and heavy, and the remainder of varying sizes of white thread.

Cut six pieces of cardboard in hexagonal shape, four inches at the widest point. Cut the material to be used the same shape, but a little larger. Baste a piece of the material to each piece of cardboard, turning the extra border of cloth over the edges of the cardboard. Then place two pieces together with the covered sides out and oversew the edges. Do the same with two other pieces, and again with the remaining two. You will then have three cards covered with the material; two will form the bottom and top of the holder, and the third is to be placed on top of the holder to make a cover for the needle book.

Make six holes, about three fourths of an inch from each corner, in the top and bottom pieces; run a piece of narrow ribbon through these holes in such a way as to string the six spools and hold them firmly between the two covered cards. Tie the ends of the ribbon in a small bow on the top.

Attach a few leaves of flannel to one of the straight sides of the third card to form the needle book. Where the leaves are joined make two holes close together; bring a ribbon through them and tie it in a small bow on top. Attach the needle book to the top of the holder, on the opposite side from the point where the leaves were fastened, making a hinge of the stitches.

The edge of the cover can be used to hold common pins. To fasten the cover of the needle book to the spool holder, work a large eyelet in the center of the side where the leaves are attached, and directly under it, on the edge of the holder, place a large white-headed pin for the loop to slip over.

On the top of the holder, under the cover of the needle book, will be found the loops made by passing the ribbon through the holes to keep the spools in place; these loops can be used to hold a ribbon bodkin or a small pair of scissors.



ONCE I had a letter that said: "I'm not interested in making money; I have all I want." It was a long time ago, so I may have forgotten the details. I have never had another letter like it. Certainly nowadays everybody is interested in making money, be it ever so humble a sum. I know how to get you good money-making ideas. Write me for them. And don't forget to send your stamped, self-addressed envelope.

H. G.

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN

French Camp for girls, Lake Champlain, July and August. 150 acres, with one and one-half mile shore front, landlocked bay, safe beaches, athletic field, farm dairy and gardens, saddle horses. Native French associates and specially trained counsellors promote the easy, rapid acquisition of French by direct, natural methods. \$300.

EDWARD D. COLLINS, Director, MIDDLEBURY, VT.



Hooray, says Hilary Hine
This Black Jack is
certainly fine!
It's licorice — gee
And it tastes good
to me
That mellowy flavor
for mine!



"good old
licorice
flavor!"

"It's just a scratch — c'mon play!"

AND then it happens! Infection—pain—swelling—blood poisoning! Why take that chance! A few drops of



destroys germs—guard against possible infection. What's a minute lost in play to hours or weeks of needless suffering?

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

There are some folks who think it far to Fairyland. Perhaps they are quite right. But still it might not be so very far for you or me!



ILLUSTRATED BY KAYREN DRAPER

THE FAIRY WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO

By M. E. Baker



ONCE a naughty fairy was late on New Year's Day when the errands were given out. Now the fairy year, as everyone knows, is really only one of our days, but the fairies are so small that it seems a long time to them.

This fairy was lazy. He did not wish to report at the end of the year, and he did not want to be given an errand. He hung back when court opened and the fairies trooped into the magic ring of the forest where the Queen planned the year's work while ant messengers stood waiting to give out the errands.

The naughty fairy contrived to slip behind a mullein stalk when the roll was called. He sat with his toes curled under him, watching and hoping he should be forgotten.

There was a flurry when the fairies found one errand left over. And such an errand! Nothing less than picking little cobwebs off rosebuds, so that rose blooms would not be hindered. A very important errand indeed.

Even the fairy felt uneasy, but he dared not show himself while the ants

didn't feel important. He tried to remember how it seemed when he had had his errand on other New Year's days, and this was not like that. A fairy on work of his own sees other fairies wherever he goes, helping one another, busy and jolly. He is never tired or lonesome. But here was a fairy who had nothing to do, and there was no other creature in sight. Even the woodpecker had gone rap-rap-rap off till he was only a faint, muffled *b-r-r-r*, ever so far away.

The fairy began to feel cross and tired. He stubbed along, trying to find amusement, but everything had an odd, shut-up air. He could not imagine what had become of the other fairies—no bee fairy in the flowers, no ant fairies hustling among the grass roots, not even a midge fairy dancing overhead.

Then he came to a little brown brook and sat down on a stone to watch it. He thought perhaps it would all go by after a while, and when the end of it came it would be a head—and he could say, "Hello! Where are you going?" But the brook kept slipping past, without ever coming to an end, and the fairy soon thought it dull. Besides, he was hungry.

He fussed and sulked, but, since that did no good, he began to look for something to eat. A robin carrying a

wild strawberry darted into a laurel bush near him.

"Oo-hoo! Mr. Robin!" he shouted. "Give me that. I'm hungry."

But the robin juggled the strawberry into the tip of his beak and swallowed; then he spread his wings and was gone. The naughty fairy threw himself on the ground and screamed with rage and disappointment.

After a while, he got up and trudged on. He remembered the errand and wondered if anybody was helping the rosebuds—and then he spied another fairy! She was lifting a great clumsy baby bird, almost as big as a man's thumb, that was in danger of

falling out of its nest.

Wasn't the naughty fairy glad! He forgot his troubles and shouted: "Well, I am glad to see somebody! Let me help you." But all at once he knew he couldn't.

"No, no!" cried the other fairy sadly. "It isn't permitted. Poor little fellow; you have nothing to do!" She tumbled the birdling into its nest, and flew away. She knew that it is sad to have nothing to do.

At her words the last bit of conceit oozed out of the poor fairy. He hid his head on his arm and cried and wished for New Year's Day. But it was fairy midsummer, and there were hundreds of rosebuds growing more and more uncomfortable, coiled

up in their green calyxes, tightly cobwebbed.

Finally the fairy lifted his tear-stained face; right before him was a wild rosebush. Growing on it was a lovely plump bud, securely wound up; a silly little spider had dragged his sticky knitting all over it. It was a most unhappy bud. It shivered and swelled, and shivered again, and became discouraged and stopped trying. It had tried all the long hot forenoon.

Suddenly the fairy thought he could help that rosebud. He drew a long breath and set his teeth—yes, and shut his eyes, he was so afraid he'd not be able to do it; then he leaped into the middle of that prickly rosebush and began snatching handfuls of spider threads.

It was so easy that he opened his eyes and laughed.

"I'm sorry, buddy," he murmured, "sorry I kept you waiting. I'd like to stay and watch you bloom; but I have something to do, you know!" He felt hurried, and he began to feel important.

When he turned there were the trees and bushes all full of busy,



"No, no!" cried the other fairy

ran round, crying, "One errand left—one more errand; where is the fairy this errand belongs to?"

And in a twinkling court was over. The fairy with nothing to do was tremendously pleased. He turned a somersault or two, lay on his back in a morning glory and kicked up his heels and made a saucy face at a woodpecker that was running head first down a tree trunk.

"Yah!" he squealed. "Work—work, you poor sapsucker! Wouldn't you like to be me? I have nothing to do!"

The woodpecker drew his head back and drove his bill against the tree like lightning—*rap—rap—rap!* "Wait—awhile—you'll see; you'll see!" he answered and flew to another tree.

The fairy put his hands in his pockets and strolled off, trying to look important, but somehow he

There stood the fairy Queen



"Wouldn't you like to be me?"

happy fairies, calling and laughing and singing and nodding to him in a friendly fashion.

And there stood the fairy Queen. "Oh, oh!" he cried. "I never will be naughty again, Your Majesty. I've been so lonesome." "Poor little fellow," said the Queen. "We were here all the time. I was the woodpecker—" (He went absolutely cold with horror! He had said, "Yah! You poor sapsucker!" to the Queen of all the fairies!) "and the robin—and the fairy with the baby bird. When you thought of trying to do anything you saw me. Now you have done something harder than doing as you were told—you have told yourself what to do and have done it."

Then she spread her rainbow wings and floated away, and the happy fairy—who-had-something-to-do fell to work.



He began to feel important



Fashions for the Young Girl

Dear Suzanne:

I was so discouraged about the class dinner last Saturday—I simply couldn't ask mother for a new evening dress, and you know how much more fun you have at a thing like that if you are wearing something no one has ever seen before! But mother came to the rescue with two yards and a half of the loveliest pink radium silk you ever saw—\$1.60 a yard, and washable!

I made the dress Saturday morning, and here it is. It was a cinch to make—just two straight lengths of the silk, seamed up the sides and shoulders, with a plain round neck, a deep sixteen-inch hem and inverted pleats just below the hip line on each side. The pleats were more or less accidental, to take care of unexpected fullness at the bottom, but they gave a stylish godet effect to the skirt!

The collar was a problem—I wanted a stand-up one and also a scarf effect and hadn't the faintest idea how to start either. If father's clean collars hadn't come back from the laundry to inspire me in the nick of time, I might have spoiled the dress. I found one that was beginning to fray, ripped it in half, sewed an eight-inch-wide strip of silk round the neck, leaving a long end to be a continuation of the collar in a diagonally pointed, hem-length scarf, and turned the silk round the neck to be hemmed over the stiff band on to the inside of the neck line. Even father admitted that the end justified the means.

The spray of silver leaves was the finishing touch. Aunt Mary heard that I was making my dress, and she brought it to me. Wasn't it dear of her? She said she had planned to surprise me with a little corsage of flowers but thought I might rather have this. I felt like a true fashion plate "ensemble" when I saw how well it went with my silver slippers.

The dinner was great! Have you decided



Hoyle Studio, Boston

to give up your Junior-Senior dinner for a garden party this spring? Do tell me when you all decide.

By the way, I am getting to be an expert on reading character by handwriting. I read everybody's in the troop the other day and got most of them right. I told Marcia that she was cold-blooded and calculating, and she said nothing could be farther from the truth; but I don't know. She certainly does write backhand. But Adelaide does too, and I don't think she is particularly indifferent. The way I cross my "t" shows how determined I am—and that's right, don't you think?

Betty

A GOOD BOOK TO READ

All you girls who are so interested in crafts and eager to make things will be interested in a book called Basketry Weaving and Design, by Mrs. Edwin Lang. It is put out by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York and costs \$3.50. Mrs. Lang knows what she is writing about, and she knows how to write interestingly. She tells you where you can get the materials and everything.

ANOTHER JOKE

It happened that two men bearing the same name—one a clergyman, the other a business man—lived on the same street in a certain city. The clergyman died, and about the same time his neighbor went to southern California. When he arrived there, he sent his wife a telegram informing her of his safe arrival, but unfortunately it was delivered to the widow of the late preacher. What was the surprise of the good woman to read: "Arrived safely. Heat terrific!"

JOCELYN MOORE, Toronto, Canada, 14 years

THE LAST OF THE CONTEST

THE letters on Why I Want and Why I Don't Want to Go to College have all been written and mailed. And now everybody is a tiptoe to see what everybody else has had to say. I hope I can publish the winners soon.

In the meantime we are starting another contest, next week—just a little one, but I know you will all love it. Then there is to be an article on weaving for all you craft people. And after that some sports.

ABOUT MAKING YOUR OWN CLOTHES

Isn't Betty's dress simply sweet? I think she is dreadfully smart to make it all by herself in one morning—and so inexpensively! If I could sew like that—and so quickly—and get the style in a dress the way Betty does, I think I should not buy another thing ready-made.

And here is some marvelously good news.

Hazel Gray.

Betty has decided to let you belong to her club too—as corresponding members! So, if any of you want to belong to this fascinating club, write to me, and I'll tell Betty and we'll see about it. I think a correspondence club would be simply great. And you can write to each other too—and not always just to me. Don't you think it would be fun?



Your Boy—What Kind of a Man Will He Make?

IT'S surprising how fast boys grow. Only a short time ago, that boy of yours played with simple little playthings. Now he's keen about target-shooting, and wants a rifle all his own. Don't put him off needlessly. Think it over. Won't he be a better man, with the training in clean, manly sport that he can get from a Daisy Air Rifle?

When your boys ask a Daisy, remember that he is simply asking for the same training that millions of successful, alert American men have received in the same way. For over forty years the Daisy has been teaching lessons of character, self-reliance, and sportsmanship.

You probably had a Daisy when you were a boy. Why not pass on this fine, clean sport to your boy—and with it, the help and training in marksmanship that you learned? Get him a Daisy and teach him how to use it.

The illustration shows the Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for \$5.00. Ask your dealer to show this, and other Daisy models, \$1.00 to \$5.00 or sent direct on receipt of price.

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